

Today

(U.S. & Patent Office)
**Roman Triumph, New Style
Storms, Floods, Twisters
Black Legion Denounced
France Has a New Deal**
By Arthur Brisbane

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General Badoglio, who was sent by Mussolini to take over Ethiopia, and did so, celebrated his triumph in Rome yesterday. Mussolini and the Italian King, now Emperor of Ethiopia, assisting.

The triumphant general, named Victory of Ethiopia by Mussolini, who supported the conquest, led his troops, burned by the tropical sun, under the victory Arch of Constantine to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the big war.

It was a great victory day for Rome, but some features of the old Roman triumph were lacking. Caesar, returning from Gaul and riding in triumph, dragged behind him a chariot full of captives, unfortunate and brave leader of the Gauls, who went from the triumph to languish in a dungeon until death freed him. Cleopatra killed herself, by snake bite or otherwise, not so much on account of Marc Antony, whom she agreed to betray, as because she did not want to be paraded in a similar triumph, especially after she had presented little Caesarion, to the greatest of the Caesars.

It had been an old-fashioned Roman triumph for Badoglio, who would have dragged Halle Selassie through the streets behind his chariot.

Things are easier for ex-emperors now. Selassie will go to live in a beautiful villa, thoughtfully purchased in Switzerland, at the right moment.

"Storms kill nine in Oklahoma and Kansas; tornadoes, floods and lightning cause havoc," so runs the headline, and so other headlines have been running for months past. Hell rains crops, lightning bolts kill three, "twisters," those powerful, revolving wind storms, hit up and knock down little houses.

Once men would have asked "What have we done to annoy the power above? How can we placate that power?"

There is no more of that now; no college head attributes a visiting comet to human wickedness; no clergyman orders church bells rung to frighten away devils riding on the storm. Men take things as they come, everything for granted, and go on with the 1934 campaign.

From another calamity, like the Lisbon earthquake that made scientists of so many, would be explained satisfactorily by geologists. Men have an idea that the earth, once started, is left to their care, with no interference from above. Billy Sunday did not think so, but he is dead.

The Black Legion, latest secret murder organization, tells candidates "you cannot join, unless you are a native-born white, Protestant gentile; willing to proceed against Negroes, Catholics and Jews." To "proceed against" means to murder. The Federal Commission, Churches of Christ in America, a Protestant organization, says it is ashamed for the Black Legion to use the word "Protestant" and blasphemous to use the name "God Almighty."

That is just criticism doubtless; but the various religions themselves, having taught for centuries until recently that adherents of other religions must inevitably go to hell and burn forever, the lowest dregs of the population cannot be expected to rise above the religious teacher of yesterday. Religious tolerance must prevail in the various religions—there is not too much of it, yet.

The strikers in France have added 335,000 to their membership since the radical new premier, Blum, took over the government. However, the republicans support him, 384 to 210. With such a majority he should carry out his plan, the crowd in the street protesting.

He announces "the liquidation of the franc," a step toward conservatism, such as radicals often take when they acquire responsibility.

A forty-hour work-week, with full pay on holidays, and government ownership of munitions plants are promised to start with. Whether government will equal private enterprise in making killing machinery remains to be seen. Before the Lord Northcliffe told this writer "the French have the best cannon made in the world," and so it turned out.

If the French retain in government the men that made that cannon, and similar weapons, well and good. If not, Hitler will be pleased.

Poor Halle Selassie discovers that even in sympathetic England, a Negro Negritist, condescending Lion of Judah, direct descendant of Solomon, the Emperor of Sheba, amounts to little after Mussolini has finished with him. Only a few odds and ends of diplomacy attended his reception for the diplomatic corps in London.

CLAIN TESTIFIED, DENIES ALL IN \$250,000 SUIT

THE WEATHER
Fair tonight and Tuesday; possible thunder showers tonight; slightly cooler tonight; Tuesday warmer with variable northerly winds.
HIGH 5:15 A. M. 7:34 P. M.
LOW 3:07 A. M. 5:19 P. M.
Light air velocity tonight at 8:00.
AVERAGE TEMPERATURES
Boston 61 Chicago 64
New York 64 Los Angeles 68
Washington 64 San Francisco 58
(Full report on Page 20)

VOL. XXXIII—NO. 67

ANN MARSTERS IN HOLLYWOOD

Talks to 'Fighter' Gable

The Boston Evening American presents herewith the second story in a series of intimate glimpses into the life of filmland's capital—**"ANN MARSTERS IN HOLLYWOOD."** Miss Marsters is being given entire to all of the studios, and is writing her stories from behind the scenes in the land of make-believe. These stories will appear daily.

By ANN MARSTERS
Hollywood, Calif., June 8—Clark Gable may have only one sandwich.

It is true that it's four o'clock and he has been working hard all day. He is hungry, too—but none of these excuses can melt the heart of the man who pops his head into Gable's dressing room to say:

"Easy on the sandwiches."

Gable, you see, is "in training," and the hard-hearted person is his trainer, Harvey Parry. So Gable is going to look like a lean fighter—whether he likes it or not—and that means grueling exercise, endless boxing lessons, and only one sandwich when he'd much prefer half a dozen.

"Well," he sighed, "it's all in a good cause," and he grinned good naturedly and settled back into his chair. "By the time I get through working on this picture, I ought to be ripping with muscles."

The picture and the "good cause" is the Warner Brothers-Cosmopol-

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BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

The only Boston evening newspaper with three direct news services—Associated Press, International News Service and Universal Service.

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MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1936

PRICE 2 CENTS

ZONE, PRICE 5 CENTS

LATEST MARKETS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	R.	H.	E.
Tigers	1	0	0	0											
Red Sox	0	0	0	0	1										

FIRST GAME—BATTERIES: BRIDGES AND REIBER; GROVE AND R. FERRELL

BAY STATERS PEPU UP HAND IN BOON

BACK FULLER ON KANSAS'S TICKET

Other Convention News on Pages 2, 4 and 5

Bernard J. Doherty
Boston Evening American Staff Correspondent

Cleveland, June 8—Massachusetts' delegation stole the Republican pre-convention spotlight today with a noisy arrival booming Alvan T. Fuller as vice-presidential running mate for Governor Landon.

Other delegations slipped in quietly while the Landon-Fuller backers from the Bay State received an enthusiastic welcome as they paraded from the convention special.

A flock of huge placards and banners that blossomed over night, told Cleveland: "Landon for President," "Coolidge of the West," "Do They Like Him in Massachusetts?" Look At The Vote!

"Fuller for Vice President" read a score of smaller standards as the drive in favor of the Bay State's former governor, for the second place on the ticket, gained momentum.

In the forefront of the Massachusetts delegation were former

Continued on Page 2, Column 4

SCCHOOL BBBOE LOCKED UP

The "teachers' bribe" jury, chosen in 90 minutes today, was ordered locked up for the duration of trial.

Spectators were barred from Suffolk Superior Court during selection of the 12 men to try Frederick P. Carroll and Robert T. Brown, both of South Boston. That men are accused in six instances arising from alleged attempts to solicit contributions from school teachers seeking permanent appointments, it having been reported that the money was to have been paid to a number of members of the Boston school committee to influence their votes.

A big crowd that had waited in the court corridors during jury selection, poured into the courtroom after lunch for the outline of the government's case by Assistant District Attorney Frederick T. Doyle.

The following jury was selected: Thomas W. Walsh, F. Fay, Graham street, Revere, a printer; William L. Lehrer, Melrose

Continued on Page 5, Column 1

15,000 See Sox Play Tigers

Fenway Park, June 8—The second place Red Sox opened a four-game series with the world champion Detroit Tigers this afternoon in the first doubleheader at the Fens this year.

The opening game brought together Robert Moses Grove, perennial Sox outfielder seeking his ninth victory, and little Tommy Bridges, 1935 World Series hero.

The Cronkites entered the series with a record of four victories and one defeat against the victors. The crowd at the start of the first game numbered approximately 15,000.

FIRST INNING

TIGERS—Reggie doubled. Fox tossed to Werber. Gehring. Continued on Page 12, Column 7

DOLAN DENIES \$250,000 SUIT CHARGES

In a heated verbal exchange with opposing counsel, during which he sometimes shook his finger, former City Treasurer Edmund L. Dolan denied in superior court today that he owned the Legal Securities Corporation or knew anything about its operations.

The courtroom was jammed as Dolan, making his first appearance as a defendant in the City of Boston \$250,000 suit against himself and six others, then admitted that in 1933 total of \$600,000 was transferred from the corporation account to his own account.

Appearance of Dolan on the stand was the peak of the suit thus far and scores of would-be spectators to the courtroom and hear his testimony, were disappointed.

In the suit, Dolan is alleged to have been the man behind three firms which sold bonds to the city on recommendations by Dolan himself as city treasurer.

He is charged with being the proprietor of the John F. Dever Company, the R. L. Emerson Company and the Legal Securities Corporation, which sold an aggregate of \$238,162.50 in bonds to the city in the account of the

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Dead in Bathtub as Fire Rages

New York, June 8 (AP)—Mrs. Anna C. Buss, 48-year-old school teacher, was found mysteriously dead early today in her overflowing bathtub, after firemen had extinguished a blaze that swept her upstairs apartment.

The fireman found Mrs. Buss fully clad, submerged in water overflowing from the tub. A tin was still open. She had on one shoe, the other lying on the floor. Her dress was singed and a red balloon marked her face.

Barking Cow Dead of Rabid Bite

Revere's barking cow is dead. The cow, familiar figure to motorists driving along the Revere Beach Parkway, died in her stall a victim of rabies.

The cow, owned by Lewis Starr of Eastern avenue, was bitten by a chow dog Wednesday and since then had developed a bark similar to a "dog."

"Dog" was dead this morning.

13 HELD IN HOOD BAND KILLING

Detroit, June 8 (AP)—Thirteen men charged with the Black Legion kidnapping and "execution" of Charles A. Poole were ordered held for trial today on both counts by Common Pleas Judge John W. Liddy.

Fitchburg Man Kills Self in Plant
Fitchburg, June 8—Richard E. Cullen, 39, purchasing agent at the Simonds File Company, shot himself through the mouth in his plant today and died almost immediately.

30 Killed, 150 Hurt in Grandstand Fall

Bucharest, Rumania, June 8 (AP)—Thirty persons were killed and at least 150 were injured when a grandstand collapsed today during a Boy Scout review before King Carol.

STRONG SWING IN SENTIMENT FOR KANSAN REPORTED

DEBATE 2ND PLACE

There was, in fact, considerable more talk here about the vice-

JOHN HAMILTON
John Hamilton, Alf Landon campaign man ager (left), seems to be putting over a confidential campaign message as he talks to Congressman Joseph W. Martin of Attleboro, Mass., who will direct floor activities for the Kansan.

Opposite Dudley Elevated Station

ANN MARSTERS IN HOLLYWOOD

Clark Gable Says: "Parties Are Fun, But So Are Dogs and Guns!"



CLARK GABLE
Clark Gable, "he-man" of the films, was quite frank in answering Ann Marsters' pertinent questions about his life, as you will read in today's installment of "Ann Marsters in Hollywood." Clark was in training for the part of a pugilist in "Cain and

ANN MARSTERS
Mabel," Cosmopolitan picture, and had to cut down on the food. Read how Ann almost tempted him with a sandwich in her inimitable story. Another of her interesting series will appear tomorrow.

Continued from First Page

tan production, "Cain and Mabel," in which Marion Davies plays the dancing heroine and Clark Gable the pugilistic hero.

Gable is so enthusiastic about the picture, his role in it, and about working with Marion Davies, that he might have kept on talking about that alone if we hadn't persistently steered him onto the subject of himself.

He couldn't very well escape that subject, for there we were in his dressing room within the Cosmopolitan studio. (It is a very large studio with lots of floor space, and you could put 50 dressing rooms in it without crowding it up. Gable's portable dressing room was set not far from the sound stage where he and Miss Davies had just completed a scene together.)

Gable was sitting opposite me. I was eying him intently—although I hope he wasn't aware of it—and I was determined to find out just what it was about this man that he should have the adulation of practically a whole country full of women—from shy high school girls to self-reliant dowagers.

Well—he is really not very handsome, but I suppose you knew that already.

Winging Ears Gable Asset

His famous ears, of course, his most prominent feature. Hollywood wouldn't dream of artfully diminishing their appearance (as it easily could for they have become one of the Gable assets. And now, young men with winging ears are not so quickly shunned in Movieland as they were in the

pre-Gable days. (There's always a chance of there being another Gable.)

Maybe the secret of his charm lies in the fact that women have decided he's a "he-man." He certainly looks as though he should do very well in that ten-round bout he has to fight in "Cain and Mabel." He is very tall, you know; at least six feet two, with unusually broad shoulders—and a slim waist that's going to be slimmer when his trainer gets through with him.

"Have you any theories," we asked him suddenly, "on your own popularity?"

Gable looked a little blank, so we persisted:

"Don't you know that there are undoubtedly innumerable young girls who consider you their 'very ideal'—particularly on lovely spring evenings?"

He opened his eyes wide.

"Why, no," he said. "I had no idea. But it sounds interesting."

Can it be possible that he doesn't know? Or is he just pretending?

Smile Brings Out All Gable 'Charm'

Then he smiled—a sudden, wide smile that brought out all the Gable "charm" to the fore. It was, on second thought, more of a grin than a smile, and it seemed to say that he had no false notions about himself, and was prepared to be as frank as possible.

He admitted, then, that he did have a vague idea about the attitude of the "outside" world toward movie stars—including himself.

"Our popularity," he said, "is our bread and butter. And of course we want to hang on to it as long as we can. If women are going to be romantic about me, I'm in no position to resent it. I WANT them to be—and the more

they like me, the merrier for me.

"But that's certainly no reason why I should be swell-headed about it."

"I can't see how any man, with an ounce of intelligence, can become impressed with himself merely because of the impression he has made on the screen. All that is part of our work—and it's darned HARD work, if anyone should ask you."

He was very serious now. His forehead puckered into horizontal lines, and he seemed to want the world to understand just how things are with a great "screen lover."

The world would like to know—and Gable himself will tell—the sort of life he leads, outside a movie set.

He lives, he told me, very modestly and inexpensively at a Beverly Hills hotel. (I already knew where he lived, because I am at the same hotel.)

"And I drive a Ford," he said. "It's an eight-year-old roadster painted white. You can see it outside the studio door."

Is this going to disappoint you? It will—if you like to think of him as a dashing Romeo who seeks only the company of his lady loves. No—he is not at all like that.

"And I should like to proclaim," he said, smiling, "that I am neither a Hollywood 'lone wolf' nor a Hollywood 'playboy.'"

Thanks Hollywood For Horses, Dogs

I promised him I would tell you that, so if you ever hear him called either, in the future, you'll know that it isn't so.

"But I have as much fun as I can find time for," he went on, "and that isn't much, when I'm working on a picture."

So what is Gable's idea of fun? This should be an im-

portant question; a key to the sort of man Gable is.

"Well," he said, "I like to watch boxing and wrestling and polo matches. And when I can, I like to get away from Hollywood and head for the mountains. I have a pal here in the wardrobe department, and he and I take our guns and our dogs and camp out for a few days."

So—a real he-man? Gable laughed. "Don't misunderstand," he said. "I'm not trying to make myself out a big, strong he-man. I like the things that the average man likes—and I have Hollywood to thank for being able to afford guns and horses and dogs."

Aside from all that, I don't dislike parties either. I think they're fun—if I don't have to work the next day.

"Do you realize," he demanded, "that I have to get up at 5:30 in the morning? My trainer has a key to my door, and he comes bounding in at the crack of dawn to haul me out of bed. Then we have a few sets of tennis and some fast boxing rounds until it's time to go on the set. Wouldn't I be in a fine fix if I'd been out drinking cocktails until two o'clock the night before?"

"But I'll take in a party any Saturday night. I enjoy good company and good conversation. I like the companionship of women—and yes, romance is fun, too."

Pursued—Both In Fact and Fancy

The last remark was in answer to a question, for I doubt if he would have volunteered it.

We are not forgetting that Gable, with his pending divorce, has come into a new bachelor-freedom. And the women of Hollywood, and elsewhere, are not forgetting it either.

It is a sure thing that Clark Gable is being pursued—both in fact and in fancy. And Clark Gable doesn't like it.

He said, with another wide grin:

"I prefer to do my own pursuing. The man with the big plate of sandwiches came to the doorway again. He was there for two purposes; one, to offer us another sandwich, and an-



MARION DAVIES
Glorious Marion Davies and Clark Gable, stars in the new Cosmopolitan production, "Cain and Mabel," are shown in one of the scenes from the "hit" picture. Clark plays the part of a

CLARK GABLE
pugilist; Marion, the role of a dancing heroine. In an exclusive interview, Ann Marsters, Boston Evening American feature writer, relates how Clark trained for the picture.

other, to tell Gable that he was wanted on the set.

So Gable went out bravely, shutting his eyes to the tempting plate—and I was left to debate a problem.

Should I (I debated) take two sandwiches and slip one to

Gable when his trainer wasn't

looking? But that would be shameful. It wouldn't be entering into the proper spirit. So I decided, all in a flash, to take two sandwiches—for my

self.

There was a sudden, brief

reappearance of Gable's head

around the corner of the door. "I forgot to tell you," he called, "when I get my next vacation, I'm going to the Orient on the China Clipper."

I'm sorry I didn't have time to ask him if that was to escape

his pursuers.

(What sort of girl is Jean Harlow? Ann Marsters answers this question tomorrow in a closeup interview with the blonde star.)

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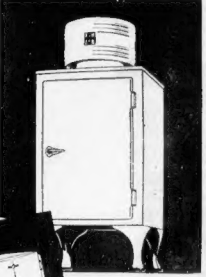
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6,000 PEASANT RELIEF PLANS PHASE LEADERS

By GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN

Cleveland, June 8.—The Republican national platform of 1936 is slowly taking form in Cleveland.

The rough draft of the proposed farm plank has been the subject of discussion by the Republicans, of all shades of opinion, and representing all sections.

While it is not yet in final form, it embodies principles of permanent agricultural relief that will be in accord with Republican beliefs and that will show a hearty acceptance of the great farming sections of the country.

It is designed to place the American farmer on a basis of permanent self-respecting independence.

The farm plank, in its present form, embodies principally the ideas of George Peck. It is understood to be in accord with the theories of the farm plank of Senator Borah, who is known to be favorably inclined toward the principles laid down by Peck.

It is not less well received by other party leaders. Peck is not new in Cleveland, but will be in close touch with party leaders in the perfection of the farm plank.

FREE PRICE BENEFIT
The plank provides, in brief, that the present form, for the protection and free price benefit for the American farmer in the event of a shortage of the effective limitation through tariffs, quotas or otherwise, and the compensation of the farmer or substitute therefor.

It provides for the compensation of the farmer for the loss of the tariff protection of farm products and gives government assistance in the disposal of the surplus of farm products.

It is designed to place the American farmer on a basis of permanent self-respecting independence.

3 BORAH PLANKS
When Senator Borah arrives in Cleveland today he will find himself in the company of sympathetic friends and will be in close touch with party leaders in the perfection of the farm plank.

CONSTITUTION "SAME"
Embodied in the proposed plank will be Senator Borah's plan, as set forth in his address in the Senate May 17, 1934, that an emergency "add nothing to and take nothing from the Constitution," which is the same.

With respect to these three vital planks, foreign relations, money, and the delegation of congressional power to the executive, under the New Deal, is violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, there is every indication that Senator Borah's active cooperation will be sought.

Party leaders at the most unusual of un-bored Republican conventions, to their preliminary work upon the platform, are showing themselves to be following the policy of Governor Landon, long ago made clear, that the platform should be the expression of the best brains of the country. There will be no "pocket plank" in Cleveland.

With regard to the money question, it is indicated that there will be a sound money plank, perfected from the different views prevailing in the convention.

Langworthy Favored for Platform Draft
Cleveland June 8 (AP)—Herman M. Langworthy of Kansas City, Mo., today appeared slated to be the chairman of the platform committee that will draft the Republican platform.

Coming from the middle-west, Langworthy was reported acceptable to the bankers of Governor Landon of Kansas, leading candidate today.

The Swing To Landon
Cleveland, June 8 (INS)—The six uncommitted Nevada delegates to the Republican convention will cast their votes for Governor Alf M. Landon, it was announced today.

Arthur M. Curtis, Missouri National Committee member, today predicted that 75 of 80 delegates would vote for Governor Alf M. Landon on the first ballot.

Governor Alf M. Landon had 14 of the 18 votes of the uncommitted Washington delegation as the delegates went into conference today.

Martin Says Nothing Can Stop Landon

By REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH W. MARTIN, MASSACHUSETTS, Convention Floor Manager for Governor Landon

(Written expressly for International News Service.)

Cleveland, June 8.—No coalition of Republican presidential aspirants in Cleveland has the remotest chance of blocking the nomination of Governor Alf Landon of Kansas.

While we do not claim victory on the first ballot, our most conservative estimates show that at the approval of Landon on the initial roll call.

BY THIRD BALLOT
With a huge majority of delegates favoring the Kansas Governor after the preliminary "favorite son" votes are cast, we are looking for his nomination no later than the third ballot.

In the face of overwhelming Landon sentiment, there is no considerable talk of our opponents who are trying "Stop Landon."

To all inquiries concerning the subject of this talk, he replied: "Let us leave that until the speech is made, shall we?"

Colonel Roosevelt Seeks Minimum Wage Plank
Cleveland, June 8 (AP)—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., announced today he would urge before the Republican platform committee a plank for a constitutional minimum wage and working hour laws.

He said the plank should contain a plan to permit the states to establish a minimum wage of 40 hours of labor. It should be designed to provide laws, he said, to be enforced by the Federal Government.

Bingham Urges Plank for Farm Compensation
Senator Hiram Bingham today proposed a farm plank for the Republican platform calling for government assistance in disposing of the surplus of farm products.

Fish Demands Plank for U. S. to Shun League
Cleveland, June 8 (AP)—A plank in the Republican platform, written in language "the people of the United States should shun the League of Nations," was demanded today by Representative Hamilton Fish of New York.

3 N. H. WOMEN SEEKING POST
Cleveland, O., June 8 (AP)—The New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention arrived today with the important task ahead of perfecting its organization.

Governor H. Styles Bridges, chairman of the 15-man group, said the delegation probably would caucus for national committee woman and national committee members.

Robert P. Broughs, national committeeman, appeared to have no opposition.

Three women are mentioned in connection with the committee woman post to be vacated by Mrs. Howard Parker of Berlin. They are Mrs. Esther Toland of Concord, Mrs. Lois Lyman of Peabody, and Mrs. Sarah M. Brewster of Nashua.

"Friends" Stick To Dickinson
Cleveland, O., June 8 (INS)—Senator Lester J. Dickinson, of Iowa, outspoken foe of the administration, today made it plain he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination when the Republican convention opens tomorrow.

"Friends greeted him on his arrival. One asked: 'Are you a candidate Senator?' Dickinson said: 'I expect my name will be presented. The Iowa delegates are not instructed. They are just my friends.'"

U. S. Fleet Waits Battle of Chinese
Hongkong, June 8 (INS)—All shore leave of the American and British naval forces at Canton were canceled today and warships were ordered to stand by for protection of Americans and Europeans in the event fighting broke out between the northern and southern Chinese armies.

HOOPER KEEPS HANDS OFF OF PARTY CHOICE

(Copyright, 1936 by International News Service.)

Cleveland, June 8.—Former President Hoover will bring his authority as titular head of the party to bear on adoption by the Republican convention of a sound, strong platform, but probably will adopt a "hands off" policy on selection of a 1936 standard bearer.

This was learned on high authority today as Governor Landon's swelling strength indicated his probable nomination in early balloting.

The former President, close friends disclosed, feels he best can serve the party's interests by piloting his nomination no later than the third ballot.

In a series of pre-convention speeches Mr. Hoover has hammered home the principles he advocates and word has been passed out at the convention that it is Mr. Hoover's wish that these be made the basis for the platform.

Wanting to remain entirely in the background, Mr. Hoover will make only a brief appearance on the convention stage, but then he will announce the principles he hopes will serve as a guiding light to place a Republican back in the White House next January.

3 Steel Rifles
Search for five men who escaped through the Summer tunnel after stealing three rifles from a window of a Washington street sporting goods store centered today in East Boston.

Now you can have it, BOSTON . . .

THE NEW GULF NO-NOX EHTYL

AVIATION FUEL FOR YOUR CAR

THE KNOCK NOISE IS DEAD! You need never again hear that annoying "ping" in your motor—the signal of wasted power and harmful shocks. Never—on hills, in accelerating, or when your motor labors!

For Gulf has made a new gasoline that is truly knockproof—GULF'S NO-NOX EHTYL. It has been stepped up to a new high in anti-knock rating. It's the finest fuel there is!

Modern high compression motors need such a gas. And Gulf is out in front, meeting this need, with a fuel so fine it will silence the knocks in the highest-compression airplane engine—an engine extremely susceptible to knocking.

Try Gulf No-Nox Ehtyl today. It will put new drive in your motor. And it will kill every knock before it is born! Costs no more than other Ehtyl fuels. Get it at the Sign of the Orange Disc.

GULF

AVIATION FUEL FOR YOUR CAR

THE KNOCK NOISE IS DEAD!

GULF

Women Take Big Part in Convention

By DOROTHY DUCAS, International News Service Staff Correspondent

Cleveland, June 8.—Hundreds of women, chiefly young ones, turned up for the Republican convention, have put new life into the Grand Old Party, which should select people in its last thirties and early forties for public office, declared Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Stinson, in an exclusive interview today.

The daughter of Political Boss Mark Hanna, who attended her first convention in 1900 at the age of 15 and hasn't missed one since, welcomed the new blood as a sign of awakened interest on the part of the average man and woman.

"NO BOSS NOW"
The veteran woman politician, one of the few here who can remember back to the days more than 35 years ago, when the caucus represented the convention, said today the party was completely free of bossism.

"One of the things the Democrats say is that we are boss-ridden," she continued with that forthrightness which makes her a leader already in her new adopted State of New Mexico, where delegation she heads.

"There is not a man here anyone could prove actually controls his delegates. In the old days, conditions were different."

"NEED MORE WOMEN"
Women are largely responsible for the change, Mrs. Stinson believed. It was before their enfranchisement that bosses could "deliver" whole delegations to one candidate or another.

"Women are less inclined to be delivered than men," she commented. "They like to have their own say about their votes."

"But there are not enough women in the country interested in the mechanics of politics. There are delegations here with no women on them. The fault is with the women, not with the party."

"I bet that men don't let women out but that they don't get out and run as delegates."

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Women Take "Dear Pres." Big Part in Convention

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Sen. Borah On Battleline Still Hoping

By DOROTHY DUCAS, International News Service Staff Correspondent

Cleveland, June 8 (AP)—Senator Borah of Idaho reached his Republican convention city today with a comment to newsmen that "nothing has been settled yet" about the presidential nomination.

Well, here is today's report from your non-official engineer. I stuck around on these Republican camp all I could, Mr. President, but I am feeling pretty good for 3 reasons. Namely, as follows:

1st reason, my feet have been back on me. Life at a convention is sure tough on a man's bunions, but it helped me figure out a way we can have peace in the U. S. All we got to do is to be politicians and stand around in hotel lobbies, & party quick we will all have flat feet and there won't be no more war.

2nd reason, my 3rd reason why I don't know nothing is because Mr. Landon is running so good that all the big Republicans have went up in their smoke-filled hotel room. I sat a bill-boy what they was doing, & he says, "most of them is trying to balance their budgets with a pair of jacks or better."

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By Winston Norman

Well, Mr. President, next to the way my feet hurt, the worst news I got for us Democrats is about the platform. It seems as though Landon folks will maybe write a platform that even a Democrat could read.

My goodness, I don't seem fair, because reading platforms has went out of date since 1852. Take you for instance Mr. Pres, you didn't never read no platform, did you?

By golly, you & me was counting on them Republicans for a platform like they always done in the past. Them old Republican platforms must of been wrote by a man that got paid by the yard. Mr. President, you could of took the 1932 Republican platform & made a dress for your grandmother out of it, with a couple of extra petticoats and enuff left over to stuff her bustle.

Well, I am going down and soak my feet in Lake Erie. I will see you tomorrow, Mr. President. Us Democrats got to hope and pray. We got to pray for rain and for Borah.

Mr. Borah is running against everybody around here except Mr. Borah, and some Republicans. I scart he might run towards the nearest exit and take a walk.

If he come that, do you finger us Democrats could get him on our team? It wouldn't do no harm to try, we could set the Republicans to swap him for Al Smith & a couple of 3rd basemen.

Yours Hopful,
W. NORMAN.
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THE RICH TEA

AVIATION FUEL FOR YOUR CAR

THE KNOCK NOISE IS DEAD! You need never again hear that annoying "ping" in your motor—the signal of wasted power and harmful shocks. Never—on hills, in accelerating, or when your motor labors!

For Gulf has made a new gasoline that is truly knockproof—GULF'S NO-NOX EHTYL. It has been stepped up to a new high in anti-knock rating. It's the finest fuel there is!

Modern high compression motors need such a gas. And Gulf is out in front, meeting this need, with a fuel so fine it will silence the knocks in the highest-compression airplane engine—an engine extremely susceptible to knocking.

Try Gulf No-Nox Ehtyl today. It will put new drive in your motor. And it will kill every knock before it is born! Costs no more than other Ehtyl fuels. Get it at the Sign of the Orange Disc.

GULF

BE PICKED UP LOCKED UP

Continued from First Page

street, Dorchester, civil engineer; Edward F. Brennan, Broadfield road, Waltham, painter; Frank J. Connors, Lawrence street, Charlestown, chauffeur; Frank Bryant, Birch street, Brighton, engineer; Edmund W. Driscoll, John A. Andrew street, West Roxbury, finisher; Carl E. Mueller, Beech street, Kettle Falls, Me.; George H. Schreiber, Columbus avenue, South End, chef; William Brown, Orange street, Chelsea, carpenter; Charles Gilman, Elm street, Charlestown, laborer; John F. McNamara, Corona street, Dorchester, foreman; John J. O'Rourke, Mill street, Mattapan, manager.

CHICKENS NEED HIM
Judge John M. Gibbs provided Francis J. Monahan appeared as Brown's counsel, William R. Scholten for Carroll.

Three men were excused by the court from service on the jury, one John R. Stewart of Cushing road, Hyde Park, because he had 100 chickens and nobody to care for them.

Ten school teachers were summoned by the court and all were informed they might be called.

INDICTMENTS CHARGE
Both defendants were named in the following indictments:

1. Conspiracy to steal the property of Mary E. Brennan.

2. Conspiracy to steal from persons unknown. Later named in a bill of particulars as Mary Brennan, Mary McTier, Mrs. M. S. Mullan, Elizabeth Corrigan, Catherine Manning, Marie Bulman, Madeline Trainor and Mary L. Moran.

3. Corruptly soliciting, urging and endeavoring to procure Mary E. Brennan to act as a school officer and promise to Charles E. Mackey, a "school committee" a bribe to influence his act or vote. In the other sections of the indictment Mackey is named as Frederick Sullivan and Maurice J. Tobin. School committee members were substituted for that of Dr. Mackey.

BRIEFLY CHARGED

4. Attempting to steal \$30 of Mary E. Brennan by falsely representing they were authorized by Dr. Mackey to solicit funds from persons awaiting permanent appointments as teachers, and to furtherance the act or vote of the school committee in the interest of the appointment of such persons as teachers; also falsely representing that other school committee members had authorized representations to solicit funds.

5. Conspiracy to procure persons to solicit funds for the school committee in nine counts, and the other eight naming each of the eight persons in Indictment No. 3.

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8. On January 31, 1935, and other times, conspired to procure Mary E. Brennan to corruptly give or offer to school committee members a bribe to influence their vote on proceedings then pending or which might come before them.

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Hurley Smile Helps Him Climb Heights

LIFE TALE TOLD OF DEM. CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR

(This is the second article in a series on the colorful life story of Charles F. Hurley, Treasurer of the Commonwealth, Democratic gubernatorial nominee, already hailed as the next Governor of Massachusetts—a man of politics remarkable for his personal, lasting friendships.)

By PAUL WHELTON

They had no thought of Beacon Hill or the governorship in 1934 when the 21-year-old Hurley moved into his house at 21 Holworthy street, Cambridge, November 2, 1933.

Most of them in the house knew of course, that William E. Russell was then sitting in the governor's chair and that only three weeks before, Frederick T. Loring had been elected to succeed him.

They had no way of knowing that 15 other men would ultimately succeed to the highest administrative office in the Commonwealth at the year's end by, into 1935.

There was no place at 21 Holworthy street, on November 29, 1933, for any such reflections, however, for the boy was being born in the household of John J. Hurley and Elizabeth Mather. Hurley, known and loved for their good work in the neighborhood, was a member of the Auburn section and into Waterbury, and even Grandfather Dennis Mather was an unusually good friend of the school committee.

But the excitement finally ended, and the boy was to grow into the 200-foot, 230-pound Democratic nominee for governor of Massachusetts nearly 41 years later, snuggled close to the downy swaddling and drifted off into his first sleep.

First Journey

Two weeks later, the baby took his first journey into the world beyond 21 Holworthy street, and in the custody of Sacred Heart Church in Waterbury, whose altar had been blessed by his father, a school worker, he was christened Charles F. Hurley.

Life in Cambridge in 1933 was lived in far slower tempo than it is today. The streets were quiet, the crowd of the streets for years. A trolley ride was as something of an event in the ordinary person's life. There were no movies to take parents out of the house, hoping the baby would remain asleep.

In the year of the Chicago World's Fair, a young lad named Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., was making his start with an iron-muscle foreigner called "Sandow," the World's Strongest Man. Tornadoes had just swept the nation, killing 100 in a disaster. Coxey's army of unemployed would not begin the march on Washington for another five months. The Depression was well more than a year away, and the Klondike gold rush near its end.

Charles Hurley grew sturdy as three months slipped by and he became more even then for his sunny disposition and the smile that has never failed him since.

When his father was a school worker, he and the entire neighborhood mourned her as one of their own departed. The boy knew, undoubtedly, in a vague way, that there had changed in his life, but under the loving care of the Hurley bookkeeper the sense of his loss faded, finally and he accepted Mrs. Mary Sawyer in his mother's place.

His father, the Protestant faith and for years an ardent worker for the Salvation Army, the kindly Mrs. Sawyer bent every effort toward training him in the Catholic religion and aiding his father in feeling that the boy did not die.

As he grew older and began to mingle with the other youngsters of the Mount Auburn section, she gave him instructions as to right conduct and the difference in right and wrong even in boyish pranks.

Yesterday, in his home at Maxwells Corner, Auburn, Me., where he lives with Mrs. Charles F. Hurley, a friend, Mrs. Sawyer, now in her 90th year and still an ardent supporter of the Salvation Army, recalled the boy's early days.

"In our land, more numerous and ineffective ways have been passed than in any preceding generation and while remarkable progress has been made in many fields of scientific research, little has been done to promote the true liberty and happiness of the individual."

On the contrary, it seems evident in our day that personal rights, human dignity and the sanctity of the home have suffered immeasurably as a result of the bewildering trend of our national and domestic government toward the supremacy of the state and the subjugation of the individual.

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After
The
Wedding
In 1924



B. J. SENIORS OPEN PROGRAM

Boston University seniors will wind up their collegiate careers this year with a full program of departmental events and an all-university moonlight sail to be held next Thursday.

Tonight the graduating class of the college of business administration holds their annual dance at the Woodland Golf Club, and on Wednesday they will get together for the last time at a banquet in the Fox and Hounds Club.

Cosets of the college of practical arts and letters will join to their college days tomorrow night at a banquet in the Myra Standish Hotel.

The principal speakers will be Morton Moody, Turner Falls, historian; Eleanor Bliss, Ogdensburg, N. Y., prophet; Dorothy Murphy, will.

A beauty contest will feature the moonlight sail aboard the U. S. S. Pier on Thursday. Judge Frankland W. A. Allen will preside.

On Friday, the school of religious and social work will hold a dinner for the graduates.

The class of 1931, school of law, will hold a reunion on Friday night in the Fox and Hounds Club. Class day will be held the next day, Saturday, at 11 Ambury place.

President Daniel L. Marsh will deliver the 43d annual baccalaureate address in Symphony Hall the following day, and on Monday, senior activities will come to a close with commencement in the Boston Auditorium.

School Alarm Test Fools Firemen

Imagine the embarrassment of teachers who were just explaining to 300 pupils that the alarm that emptied the John L. Motley building was only for a fire drill and up Bay View Hill avenue, Dorchester, came clanging all kinds of apparatus.

It happened just before noon and teachers were planning to have a second drill because there had been some "talking" in the lines of marching pupils. A crosscut in the tapper had called the fire department. The second drill was called off.

State Treasurer and Mrs. Charles F. Hurley after their wedding in 1924. Mrs. Hurley was the former Miss Marion Conley of Cambridge, daughter of James J. Conley, Cambridge realtor. The wedding was solemnized in St. Peter's Church, Observatory Hill.

Army, recalled those early years with Charles Hurley. "He was a very rugged boy and a good boy, one you never needed to correct twice," she said. "He was very much into sports, playing in his eating and in the fights that a boy must have if he doesn't want the other boys to walk all over him."

Always Smiling

"He was always smiling and even when caught in mischief you had to love him for that," she said. "He was a very much into sports, playing in his eating and in the fights that a boy must have if he doesn't want the other boys to walk all over him."

When he got old enough to understand what I told him about the evils of drink, I asked him to join the temperance society and he did so without question. I was surprised a few days later to find that he had gone out with a girl and got a lot of the other boys to join.

Charles' mother and father were fine people and from them he received his early lessons in rugged principles to give him the backbone he needed. Hurley was also a fine and upright man, and I recall that he was the first man to drive a trolley car in Cambridge.

"Mr. Hurley always told me never to send anybody away from his door hungry and we never, I remember that even when he was dying and I came to the door looking for work to do. We had no work and before I could say anything, sure, Mr. Hurley, on practically his death bed upstairs, called down and said, 'Give the man a dinner.'"

For 18 years Mrs. Sawyer raised Charles Hurley, and then she went to Maine. Three years ago, she revealed yesterday, she came back to Boston to visit the State Treasurer and his wife at their home, 27 Fresh Pond lane, Cambridge. They asked her to make her visit more than a fleeting stop.

Laughingly, she said the visit lasted for three years. Over those three weeks she did she returned to Marston's Corner.

The Democratic nominee's first schooling was gained at the Russell School in Cambridge, the same school now attended by three of his four children.

His little knew, as he sat at his first desk and listened to his first teacher, that in years to come his hand would have a major part in directing the destinies of all Cambridge schools.

(Tomorrow, in the Boston Evening American, the story of the rise of Charles F. Hurley, Democratic gubernatorial nominee for governor, will be continued.)

Investigation was launched by police and fire officials today to determine the cause of the spectacular general alarm blared by the city for three years ago.

Four persons, three of them in the city, were injured. Apparatus from Revere, Spangmoor, Peabody and then responded to the general alarm.

Consumed by the flames was a 60-foot cabin cruiser, valued at \$10,000, which had just been built for E. C. Dickinson, Essex, Ct. Also destroyed was a \$10,000 launch owned by Henry A. Woodward of New York city, a 100-speed boat of Chester A. Pratt and two small motor boats.

The flames spread to the adjoining home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Crilly. The elderly couple were roused from sleep by their dog, Buddy, and escaped.

These pieces have worn edges, antiqued finish, peg effect construction to look like the old handcrafted pieces. They fit ideally in the country home atmosphere and are equally happy in the sunroom or small apartment.

You'll find our display of maple pieces irresistible because of variety, uniqueness and reasonable prices.

The business we're doing on Maple indicates Paine's is acknowledged Maple headquarters

196 Bay Street 56
PHONE COM. 2100

Dolan Arrives at Trial



Edmund Dolan, right, former City treasurer, defendant with six others in the City of Boston case to recover \$250,000, testified today in the superior court. He is recovering \$250,000, testified today in the superior court. He is recovering \$250,000, testified today in the superior court.

He testified that these checks in the amount of the sinking fund, to be paid \$250,000 in a period from July 17, 1930, to September 28, 1935, and that Dolan signed the checks issued to the three companies.

Former Assistant United States Attorney General George F. Quinn, special counsel for the city, had begun to read into the record accounts of how deals with these companies, out of the Boston investment fund, were then arrived.

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Propaganda Schools Four Universities Teach Aliens

The Soviet government has set out to Communize the world.

It plans revolutions by massacre and destruction in every capitalist country for the purpose of overthrowing existing governments and establishing the so-called "rule of the proletariat."

Actually it plans to fasten upon the entire human race a cruel and oppressive dictatorship by Stalin and his Red associates.

For this sinister purpose the Soviet has devised the most powerful and far reaching organization the world has yet witnessed. It is known as the Comintern or Communist International.

Raoul Lazlo-Rudolf was a high functionary of the Profintern, one of the most vigorous arms of the Comintern. He was a series of remarkable articles entitled "The Network of the Communist International," of which this is the fifth, Lazlo-Rudolf here makes clear the methods and purposes of the Red dictatorship.

By RAUL LAZLO-RUDOLF

The Soviet government maintains a number of propaganda universities in Moscow. The majority of the students are foreigners, either political refugees or Communists. The most important universities are:

A—The Communist Academy.

B—The Lenin school.

C—The university of the National Minorities of the West.

D—The Workers' College at the Moscow "Foreign Worker's Club."

The Communist Academy, which has branches in Leningrad and other important Russian cities, is situated in the former Cathedral of Christ the Redeemer, where the new palace of the Soviets is now being erected. It has one department for Russian students and another for the various nationalities. It is a place where the various nationalities of the U. S. S. R. and finally a foreign department where lectures are delivered in English, German, French, Chinese, and Japanese.

The main task of the Communist Academy is the training of "political workers."

A—In the Russian and minority sections for the U. S. S. R.

B—In the foreign sections for certain special missions abroad.

The foreign section aims mainly to provide an ideological Communist education, according to orthodox Stalinism. The fundamental principles of Marxism and Leninism are taught, with a thoroughness that should enable the students to fight efficiently against all "rightist" or "leftist" deviations from the "general line" laid down by Stalin.

War Science

As regards international revolutionary struggle, the Lenin School is far more important. This entirely up-to-date building is situated on Vorovskii street, in the quarter of the foreign embassies, near Akhmetovskaya, Moscow.

It trains the "reders" (left) of the world revolution. Its students are exclusively foreign Communists who, under close control of the Communist International, obtain the best possible "education" in the theory and practice of the science of revolution.

To be admitted to the Lenin School, every student must have a recommendation of the central committee of his home party and the approval of the corresponding section of the Communist International.

There are about 300 to 400 students at the Lenin School. They come from practically every country. The greatest attention, however, is given to the training of capable leaders for Germany, Japan, China, Poland and the British colonies.

Besides the best theoreticians of Marxism, the leading theoreticians of the Communist International and the Red International of Labor Unions give courses.

In addition to theoretical courses, the students get practical training in the practical methods of underground and conspiratorial work. Special sections deal with anti-militaristic work and agitation among the active populations of the colonies.

All Secluded

The material situation of the students of the Lenin School is far better than that of any students in the U. S. S. R. They get subsidies exceeding considerably the earnings of even a qualified worker. They are well nourished and are furnished clothing and other needs free of charge.

During their stay in the U. S. S. R., which lasts several years, Lenin School students are kept in almost complete isolation. Nobody knows their real names. As soon as they cross the border, their passports are taken from them and kept at Leningrad "secret service" of the Communist International.

Without extra permission of the "secret department" of the Lenin School, which is a branch of the U. S. S. R., the students can not make

3 DROWNERS AUTO CRASHES, 8 DROWNED

Death took the wheel in Cambridge today to claim the 8th victim in a series of automobile accidents.

Four-year-old Joseph Zebal, Jr., of East Greenwich, N. J., died instantly when he was run down by a truck at a street crossing.

Police said the truck was owned by Robert McNamee of Elmworth avenue, Cambridge. Edward McNamee of Cambridge street told the boy to Cambridge City Hospital but he died a few minutes after arrival.

Two other deaths from automobile crashes today increased to 11 the week-end toll of fatalities in New England, eight of which were drownings.

Ralph Byrd, 32, employee at an East Greenwich, N. J., died instantly, and Norman Thornly, 35, of New Kingston, N. J., was critically hurt today when an automobile hit the road just outside of Providence.

At Lodi, N. H., William L. Dwyer, 23, was also hurt when he was run down by a truck on the Belmont-Lodi highway. His wife, Louise, 32, and his son, Sidney, 23, were also hurt.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, 16, of Pond street, died when she was run down by a truck on the Belmont-Lodi highway. Her father, William L. Dwyer, 23, was also hurt.

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Boston Woman Chosen Science Church President

Mrs. Elizabeth Cadwell Tomlinson of Boston, today became president of the Christian Science Mother Church here.

Her election to succeed Dr. Frank C. Colby was announced at the annual meeting of representatives of the denomination from every state in the union and many foreign countries. Approximately 6,000 Christian Scientists were present.

An appeal to Christian Scientists to work for world peace, and reports of church officers on activities throughout the world featured the meeting.

The new president is a native of Byron, Wis. She was graduated from St. Henry's Hall and has been a member of the church for some years. At the outbreak of the World War she was in London and later engaged in war relief activities and Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

In her address to the annual meeting Mrs. Tomlinson declared her devotion to the world's betterment and fulfill the prophecy of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the church, that "war will end when nations are ripe for progress."

"It is the life of men, not the death of men, that determines the peace of nations," Mrs. Tomlinson said.

The department of branches and practitioners reported the addition of 22 new churches and eight new university organizations, making a total of 273 branches of the church, and 55 college and university organizations.

Edward L. Ripley was re-elected church treasurer and Mrs. W. F. Palmer clerk of the church.

In Death Trial
Thomas P. Flynn, 45, of North Boston road, Revere, alleged participant in a street fight, which resulted in the death of Henry J. Higgins, 40, of Revere street, was charged with manslaughter today on a manslaughter charge.

Drowned
ANDERSON, MARTIN, 34, of Belfast, Me., former Boston resident, whose sinking boat overturned in the Passamaquoddy river, near Belfast.

CROSS, WILLIAM, 52, of Cambridge, set with a camp while swimming in Swan's Lake, Barre, Vt., near Rochester.

LA SALLE, JUSTIN, 25, of Valley Falls, N. Y., who was swimming in Sabbath Lake, Tannum, and sank.

FATHER DIVES IN
MCCURDY, DONALD, 4, of Ringfield, Me., who leaped into Big Jim pond, near Kintla, Me., when a motorboat in which he was a passenger with his parents and a brother, caught fire.

MCCURDY, RALPH, 40, the boy's father, who dived in after him, but failed to rise. The mother and a son, Richard, stayed on the boat and were saved.

QUINCY, MARTIN, 46, of Lawrence, father of nine children, stricken as he rode in a Forest Lake. Drowning followed a heart attack.

THURBER, DONALD HOYT, JR., 38, of Commonwealth road, Watertown, schoolboy track star, who dived from a canoe into Fairhaven bay on the Sudbury river at Concord and failed to rise.

W H T M A N, MALCOLM BRIDGES, 36, of Colchester, Vt., set with cramps and drowned in five feet of water at Lake Champlain.

SMITH, SMITH, MISS KIM were riding in a car operated by Charles L. Duke, 21, of Bonham road, Dedham.

REEK CAUSES CRASH
A box blew in an open window, slightly injured and caused him to lose control.

Two hundred and fifty thousand sunned themselves on beaches on the North and South Shore, while 25,000 more enjoyed the L-shaped bathhouse sands.

Fog hung over the harbor last night and impeded movement of ships. Late arriving because of it the Volcanic cruise to Trieste, with 1500 aboard.

TEAM UP with the million and more who make the "American" Party one of the biggest of its kind in the country. Its members may not have the same slant on politics—but they all pledge loyalty to "American."

For the "American" Party is made up of motorists who vote for the American Oil Company's Amoco-Gas and Orange American Gas at The Sign of Greater Values from Maine to Florida.

Amoco-Gas began its career as the original candidate in the special motor fuel field. That was 21 years ago and each succeeding year has won and held the votes of new users. Amoco's history has been all performance—not just promise.

If you want to "look at the record" ask the American Automobile Association, and learn that Amoco-Gas holds more official A.A.A. world's records than any other gas or motor fuel. Amoco-Gas will take you further—smoother—and for less. It costs a bit more per gallon at the pump—it's worth much more—does more.

Or if you're a "regular" party voter, there's Orange American Gas—the "regular" party leader for years, and the best at regular price. Made from a pure petroleum base, it has no added chemicals, leaves no harmful deposits. These features and Amoco's new refinery methods give Orange American Gas a new action that is getting action everywhere.

Join the great "American" Party yourself! Vote at The Sign of Greater Values—from Maine to Florida and inland!

HEARST WINS APPEAL RIGHT IN WIRE SUIT

Washington, June 8 (INS)—William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, won a decision in the District of Columbia court of appeals today in his drive to have the court decide whether federal courts can enjoin a Senate committee engaged in a legislative investigation.

The appellate court handed down a decision granting Mr. Hearst the privilege of prosecuting a special appeal from a District of Columbia supreme court ruling dismissing his petition for a temporary injunction against the Senate lobby investigating committee.

COMMITTEE ACCUSED
The publisher accused the committee, headed by Senator Hugo L. Black (D) of Alabama, of conducting a "fishing expedition" by seeking thousands of personal telegrams and correspondence of prominent persons.

The lower court had dismissed Mr. Hearst's petition on the ground that the judiciary "has no right in interfering with the legislative branch of the government."

The special appeal granted the publisher today will not be heard until after his petition for a final injunction against the Senate lobby investigating committee and the Federal Communications Commission has been heard on its merits.

HEARD TOGETHER
The appellate court said if the Senate committee's action on the petition should be adverse to Mr. Hearst's interest and he appeals, both appeals will be heard together.

The higher court declined to issue a temporary injunction until Mr. Hearst's special appeal is heard on the ground that since the Senate committee is not active at this time, there is no occasion for a restraining order.

Policeman Drops Dead in Newton
Less than an hour after he had returned to duty in Newton police headquarters following a month's illness, Patrolman William J. Kiley, 56, dropped dead today in the cell room where he was preparing prisoners for court.

Kiley had been a Newton police officer 23 years.

Son in Court, Ill Mother Holds Home

Truth, June 8—Anthony R. "Pat" Francis went off to court today to answer a trespass charge, but his illing mother held fast in her embowered home with two dogs guarding her bed.

She too had been summoned to answer in a trespass charge because she refused to vacate the house on land owned by Manuel Marshall of Brockton.

Marshall had secured an eviction order, but deputy sheriffs couldn't execute it, because Mrs. Francis Francis, 66, just won't get out. The law has refused the house to a shell, but Mrs. Francis doesn't care. She stays.

Dr. Herbert J. Hebert signed a certificate late last night attesting that Mrs. Francis couldn't answer the court call because of her illness.

The twenty-three stations assigned for this purpose are in armories and school buildings in the Boston postal district. At each station, there will be uniformed members of the National Guard and in smaller places local uniformed police.

1000 P. O. AIDS PLAN SPEED FOR BONUS

Nearly 1000 postoffice employees, including supervisors and branch superintendents, will meet in the Gardner Auditorium, State House, Thursday night to receive final instructions relative to the handling of the World War veterans' bonus bonds.

According to Acting Postmaster Peter F. Tagus, there will be between 800 and 900 clerks of the classified service assigned to handle the bonds.

The twenty-three stations assigned for this purpose are in armories and school buildings in the Boston postal district. At each station, there will be uniformed members of the National Guard and in smaller places local uniformed police.

Croft
A Quality Ale at a Quality Price
CROFT CREAM ALE
If your dealer cannot supply you—send us your dealer's name.
CROFT BREWING CO.
Boston—Tel. Cas. 1129

JOIN THE "AMERICAN" PARTY

TEAM UP with the million and more who make the "American" Party one of the biggest of its kind in the country. Its members may not have the same slant on politics—but they all pledge loyalty to "American."

For the "American" Party is made up of motorists who vote for the American Oil Company's Amoco-Gas and Orange American Gas at The Sign of Greater Values from Maine to Florida.

Amoco-Gas began its career as the original candidate in the special motor fuel field. That was 21 years ago and each succeeding year has won and held the votes of new users. Amoco's history has been all performance—not just promise.

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Join the great "American" Party yourself! Vote at The Sign of Greater Values—from Maine to Florida and inland!

From Maine to Florida—Stop at The Sign of Greater Values!

AMERICAN OIL COMPANY

Also maker of Amoco Motor Lubricants

AMOCO GAS

©American Oil Co.

The wise ones pick—

EVERY DROP BRINGS RELIEF

25¢

RELIEVES RHEUMATIC AND NEURITIS PAINS, SORE MUSCLES, SPRAINS, TIRED FEET, MUSCULAR CRAMPS

AT YOUR DRUGGIST

"WHEN I LIVED YOU"

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER TEN

It was Jan who saw grandmother, who was crumpling to the floor. Reaching out a long arm, caught her as she fell. Because grandmother had a heart attack, everyone was kind.

Doratha and Jan cooked dinner, and because Jan had cut finger, Doratha washed the dishes, not once mentioning the brand-new vermilion polish she'd put on her nails.

Evelyn got her mother into bed, and waited on her with loving solicitude, doing everything the doctor ordered, and dozens of things besides, setting to the kitchen to add a few tears every now and then, and to tell the girls that it was all her fault, getting mamma upset over her troubles, and if she died, she'd never forgive herself, never.

As usual when Evelyn took the liniment, the girls crept into their beds. They loved her, and secretly sympathized with her easy tears, her chatter, her dramatic demonstration of herself, but they wished she wouldn't. It made them nervous, ill at ease.

Ardie, who came with Uncle Peter and Aunt Caroline, was quiet and ill at ease, too. She's loved to fling her arms around grandmother and make a fuss over her as Alice and Anne Lyons did, but she couldn't. She didn't know how to do it, and she told herself fiercely that she cared much more about grandmother than they did.

Jan Wonders

Did they care about anything but themselves and their mother and father, Jan wondered resentfully, too. And as usual, when confronted by a solid Lyons family group, she decided they didn't. No matter how they were separated, how they scattered around a room, they were always together.

Uncle Elery, having a glass of port in a corner with Uncle Peter, was really listening to his wife, though he made polite pretense of being a attention to Peter talking politics.

"Yes, indeed," he'd say heartily, "if they get into power, the country's as good as ruined! Yes, indeed!" But you could see from the strain to catch what Edith was saying to Caroline, that Edith, Alice, and too old to be interested in the young girls' conversation through lack of interest, sat alone, looking at the pages of a magazine, flashing telegraphic glances across first to Anne, then to her mother, which they flushed back.

They had come to see grandmother, but so many of them had made her tired, she'd sat in the small, bedlike living room, the whole family, until because Grandmother Falley was sick.

Even David came, and he had come so seldom lately. "Hi, Dave!" I was just telling Elery how about that. In my opinion, now's the time to buy DAVE! Never mind the women! I want to talk to you!" But the women wanted to talk to him, too.

When Aunt Caroline leaned toward him, her mask-like features almost alive, Aunt Edith buttnosed him in to tell him how she'd suspected all along that mamma's heart was weak, but that she hadn't liked to speak

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Home Institute

How to Read Palms

LIKE to read palms? Just learn the meaning of the lines and "mounts," or raised pads on the palm! It's easy.

See the Life Line in the sketch? If it forks up near the index finger, numbered 1, that means success through ambition; if it forks down near the Mount of Luna, much travel.

Is that Heart Line very long? Beware of jealousy! Head Lines run straight across the palm? Great preference. Fate Lines branch off toward the third finger? Success in life.

Now for the mounts. Many straight lines across the Mount of Venus, parallel to wrist, show business. A small Mount of Luna—wealth, coldness, lack of imagination. A star (lines crossing like wheel spokes) on the finger means great success. A star on Saturn—drains, disturbance, adventure, danger. Big Mount of Saturn shows a serious nature.

A large Mount of Apollo reveals an easy victim to flattery. A small one, an artistic ability.

A small Mount of Mercury shows lack of wit. Squares, chains and islands all have their meaning. Perfectly simple to read your palm with the help of our 48-page illustrated booklet, "PALMISTRY AND ASTROLOGY." Both subjects brought to you by the Boston Evening American. Clear directions, interesting interpretations. Fun for your next party!

Send 15c for our booklet, "PALMISTRY AND ASTROLOGY," to Boston Evening American, 100 West 11th Street, New York, N. Y. Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and the NAME of booklet.

Fashion Congress Hails Tyrolean Accessories



ONE ACCESSORY may not make a summer . . . unless it's something from the Tyrol!

Fashion Congress jurors confessed a yen for a touch of the Tyrol in their spectator sports outfits . . . but they were equally insistent on that touch being genuine, or at least a careful and well-done copy.

Equally important, they stressed, was a light hand in concealing any costume of Tyrolean flavor. A pinch is enough! For instance, left, Miss Betty Sagendorph models a purely American-girl spectator sports frock of slick and slithery sharkskin, with extended shoulders and a row of buttons all the way down the back. Punctuating it as gaily as a yodel off a mountain top is the green burlap belt embroidered with lambs and

shepherdesses and curlicues in bright yarns, and fastened with a carved antelope buckle. The holey-crown bonnet is one of the newest and most becoming, also in white sharkskin.

And right, Miss Sagendorph models an intriguing handmade jacket of brilliant linen (one of a devastating group, all different colors and patterns) straight from the Tyrol. It is fitted and quilted in a design that might have come from the uniform jacket of a Prince-of-Graustark. The printed lining is peppy. And the front is zipped in good American style! Grand for pepping up a simple sports outfit.

For shopping information on accessories or costumes, phone Annie Brink, Fashion Editor, L1Berty 4000, or write her at the Boston Evening American.

Married Comrades

By Adele Garrison

CHAPTER 25

A QUEER premonition seized me as I stretched out my hand for the cablegram which a special messenger had just brought to the door of the farm house.

Long ago I had become accustomed to the secrecy which so often hedges the correspondence of my father, for many years active in the inner circles of the government's intelligence bureau. But some years seemed to warn me that this particular message contained news in some way important to me and my family.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the messenger's voice was apologetic. "My orders were to give this to no one but Mr. Spencer."

"Oh, out of course," I assented. "Just a moment, I'll have him called."

My premonition waxed stronger as I turned to send Katie in search of my father. The residents of the farm house were well known to gentle George, manager of the local telegraph office. Surely, such apologetic instructions constituted a barred possibility of the cable being given to anyone but the addressee, must mean—

By speculations were cut short as a firm step on the stairs told of the approach of my father.

MAN OF DECISIVE BEARING Although well advanced in years, the "Chief," as he is affectionately called by his subordinates in the secret service, still retains the erect carriage and decisive bearing of a much younger man.

A close inspection shows the scarred face and old eyes of a man who for almost a lifetime has suffered the anguish and self-satisfaction caused by one mind set against the world, and always, the sight of my father brought a wave of childhood and early womanhood, when I had known him only as the man who had deserted my mother and myself, then a baby of four, for a momentary passion.

I sent up a prayer of thankfulness that, after years of searching for his lost daughter, he had at last found some mes-

ure of consolation in reunion with her.

AVOIDS NEWLYWEDS

Leaving my father with a murmured word of explanation, I moved toward the library, carrying along the living room, where we had left Noel bidding farewell to his bride.

Seating myself in my favorite arm chair, I picked a volume at random from the nearest stand, meaning to avoid puzzling over the inexplicable actions of Paul Verillon. Even as I started my brain to expel all thought of the vetting problem, I wondered afresh whether the happiness of our isolated niece and her adoring husband would again be jeopardized by the whims of the great theatrical producer who had so violently opposed their marriage.

I was resolved not to ponder the problem until the passing hours should erase some of the poignancy of my sympathy for Noel and Mary. In this, their first encounter with the obstacles and complications of married life, I was fully aware that the thought of those two despairing young faces could not but affect my mind, more logical conclusions on the story which Noel had told us.

My elaborate precautions were unnecessary. Oddly enough, my mind raced off at a tangent from the absorbingly important crisis facing Noel and Mary, fixing itself on the specially carried trifling episode of the cablegram.

Stavely, of all men, I am sure to receive urgent and confidential messages.

Once more the entrance of my father cut short my speculations on the subject. His hair-brown and preoccupied eyes told me that the cablegram had any meaning at all.

"Margaret, dearest," he said with tenderness which warmed every speech to me. "I wanted you to know that I must drive to Southampton for a short time. I

Laura Wheeler

Sleeveless Openwork



KNITTED DRESS

PATTERN 1234

MADE of colored string, its open, lacy stitch goes quickly, with stockinette stitch for the neat bands at neck and sleeve, there are no side seams to bother with.

Pattern 1234 comes to you with directions for making the dress in size 16-18 and 38-40 (all given in one pattern); illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Boston Evening American Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

will be back within the hour."

It is unusual for my father to outline his movements to me. Ever since his return in the early years of my married life, he has taken care that I should be cognizant of his whereabouts, lest I worry at some absence.

A few minutes later, as I saw

Your Figure Madame

By IDA JEAN KAIN

Copyright, 1934, King Features Synd., Inc.

THE dowager's hump makes its debut when posture goes awry. Slumping places any figure at a disadvantage, and age pads the nape of the neck while chins flourish and the waistline settles into obesity.

Learn the real idea of good posture and then strengthen the muscles to make this position natural. Loosen up, get the kinks out of your spine, to be free from all rigidity. Stand with your feet apart, knees straight, and let the upper part of your body flop forward, arms dangling loosely, a few inches from the floor. Repeat the shoulders in an easy motion to relieve all tension. Now slowly straighten up while continuing to shake off that shoulder rigidity. As you straighten up, pull up with the lower abdominal muscles, up with the chest and up with the top of your head. Your body should be aligned correctly, shoulders back but relaxed.

Balance a Book

To cultivate this correct posture, walk with a book balanced on top of the head. Practice walking like this a few minutes each day. It not only adds to your poise but gives you the sensation of walking regally and helps you to be aware of good posture in your own figure. If the book slides off do not replace it until you have loosened up again and straightened into correct line.

When you get a distasteful profile view of yourself in the mirror, your impulse is to minimize that stomach by pulling it in, which pushes the chest out and gives a strained, awkward posture. Naturally, you cannot hold such a position for any length of time, so you slump. This, the wrong method, produces the wrong result. Do not attempt to hold your stomach in, but rather pull up with the lower abdominal muscles, which raises the chest and head naturally. Strengthen the abdominal muscles to make this "upward lift" natural. Here are two simple exercises which will help you:

Position: Lying on back on floor, knees flexed, feet flat on floor.

Movement: Pull up and in, until the small of the back touches the floor. Hold. Release. Repeat.

Movement: Raise the hips and ankles, until the feet are in a straight line, weight resting on the shoulders and feet. Push the hips down without touching the floor. At the lowest point of the slide, contract the muscles, relaxing them at the highest point. This takes a ton of practice.

If you need assistance in correcting your posture, consult an instructor in corrective gymnastics who will be able to point out your defects and start you off right with your exercises. You will find one of these instructors at your local Y. W. C. A. or at a body proportioning salon.

Actors to Stage

Annual Benefit

The American Federation of Actors will hold its second annual benefit at the Boston Opera House, Sunday, June 14.

Among those who will be included in the program are: Baby Rose Marie, Tommy Martin, Peter Morley, Revue, City and Stars, Romm and Paloma, Margaret Young, and Sandy MacFarlane.

The proceeds go to the sick and destitute fund of the federation.

Mary Miles Minter

Bond Suit Settled

Los Angeles, June 8 (AP)—Mary Miles Minter and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Sheiby, silent today on reports of a settlement of their \$750,000 suit against a brokerage concern, referred inquiries to their attorney.

Norman Stierly, the brokers' attorney, advised that a settlement was reached. Published reports said the actress and her mother were to be paid between \$100,000 and \$125,000.

Faded Home Decorations made GAY and NEW!

Perfect results always! 41 long-lasting colors. 15¢ a package of drug and notion counters. Ask those the Tintex color chart.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH Tintex TINTS AND DYES

ADVICE on LOVE and MARRIAGE by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Cave Tactics
Fatal to Love

The Cave-Man used to find his club a mighty handy gadget. He knew how to swing it. Not so, the club-wielding modern wife. She crushes out herself, though her marriage often goes into the bargain.

Matrimony isn't chopping wood. It can't be chopped up into little pieces to be arranged in nice, little piles by the stove and furnace. No, matrimony is as fragile as glass. And there's only one way to handle it—with kid gloves.

This thought is intended especially for the reader who tells her story in these words:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

This is the third time since my marriage two years ago that I have left my husband. He's the world's most unreasonably jealous man. He refuses to let me go anywhere unless his sisters accompany me. And if I disobey him, the whole neighborhood knows about it. Although my husband earns \$25 a week, the children and I live like paupers. It's a question of baby shoes or fishing boots, baby goes shoes. Husbands come first. We invariably lose.

A few weeks ago I visited a lawyer and had a rather harsh letter written to my husband, demanding that I receive a minimum of ten dollars a week. He was wasted effort, for now I'm getting even less than before. And, as though to make my lot the more unbearable, my husband now threatens to sue me, claiming our oldest child is not his.

Pattern

Slenderizing
Cotton

MARIAH MARTIN

When slender lines get together with a dainty cotton fabric, there's just no use trying to



When slender lines get together with a dainty cotton fabric, there's just no use trying to

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What, Miss Fairfax, would you do?

MY DEAR CHILD:

You cannot club your way to happiness in marriage. Neither can you retrieve your husband's affection by visiting lawyers, threatening divorce, asparagous support and other legal actions. Any man would be outraged. Your husband is no exception.

My advice is STOP TRYING TO FORCE YOUR HUSBAND TO DO ANYTHING. Instead,

endeavor to win him by kindness. Remember you win him once. That's why he married you. You can do it again, if you really want to salvage your marriage. Of course, you do not realize it now. But it is once the least true. Gradually you have grown fatter and further away from your husband. And today you and he are actually walking in opposite directions.

wish to remain the wife of your husband, or whether you prefer a divorce. Then go ahead accordingly. If I were you, I'd put aside my club, be the smiling girl I used to be, and stop the "rewards." You've tried a lawyer, he failed to produce, you've had no great results, yourself—now why not try kindness?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Although I am not of the

United States, I still come to you for advice. For the past four years I have been a slave to my family, working from sunrise to sunset, never receiving a cent, wearing cast-off clothes and wishing myself dead. In my home, the older sisters come first. I get the crumbs. If there are any. Never does Father or Mother regard me as a normal human being with normal desires. My status is little above that of the cat on the porch and

the chickens in the barnyard. Is there any hope for me? DISCOURAGED AT 19.

laughing at how silly you were at 19. Your older sisters—how much did they owe? Didn't they have to forego pleasures to help take care of you and the other young-er brothers and sisters? How often did they sacrifice so that you could have good food and medicine?

into your flesh. You've made a hobby out of feeling sorry for yourself and you've developed it into a fine art. So, dear friend, snap out of it before the habit renders a miserably, prematurely old woman, cynical, hateful and friendless. Stop blaming your family and put the effort into accomplishing something worthwhile. You're much too old to expect a baby's trust and consideration. BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

SHOPPING WITH PRISILLA PRICE



Dearest Anne: Such an exciting week I've had—I've such grand news for you! First of all—

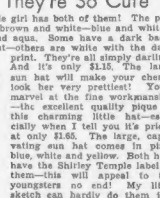
New! Cool
Linen, \$2



She'll Adore These Shirley Temple Hats! They're So Cute



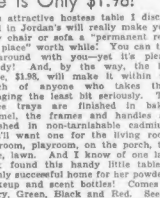
This Handy—Gay Hostess Table is Only \$1.98!



It's Knockout And Only \$3.45!



I Know You'll Rave About Arrid



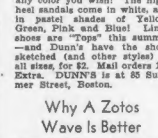
Step Out in a Riot of Color in Clyde's \$3 Multi-Colors



What A Value! This Cotton Lace Mesh Suit is Only \$2.98 at Lead's



Why A Zotos Wave Is Better



It's The "Steam" That Makes Yvonne's Permanents So Lovely



What A Value! This Cotton Lace Mesh Suit is Only \$2.98 at Lead's



At Lepie's Novelty Fabric Couch Covers, 97c



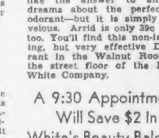
Both Feet Treated, \$1.00



Di Mauro Offers A Free Test Curl!



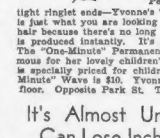
Scientific Process



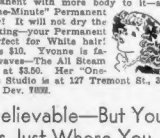
Clever Brides



3-Hour Cleansing



You Can't Try On Your Permanent!



You Simply Cannot Hide



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Scientific Process



Prisilla Price



New England
Police StoriesGrocery
Boy Shoots
His Captor

(This is the 124th in a series of true murder mystery stories, taken from New England police and court annals, now being published daily in the Boston Evening American and the Boston Sunday Herald. Editor, James F. McNamee, one of the ace reporters for the American and Sunday Advertiser, relates this thrilling story of "The Cry Baby Killer.")

By JAMES F. MCNAMEE

If Police Officer Ed Gohin of Attleboro, had time to feel any emotion, at all, after the bullet which killed him had crashed through his neck, his principal impression must have been one of sheer amazement.

His prisoner, Gohin had believed, was at worst only a small town "Peeping Tom."

But Gohin had guessed wrong—being a good cop but a bum psychologist—and Gohin paid with his life for his mistake!

Here's how it happened:

Crime Rampant

Everybody was just a trifle nervous, in the Attleboro police station, on the night of Jan. 20, 1932.

Attleboro, as usual, was quiet and peaceful, but the telephone had been ringing all evening, and every call, it seemed, was a report of a crime of violence in some town or city in Attleboro's general neighborhood.

In Pawtucket, R. I., Joseph Warburton had been robbed by hold-up men who had taken his money and had driven away in his automobile.

In Central Falls, R. I., Eddie's Spa, a restaurant, had been robbed, at pistol point, by men answering the general description of the Pawtucket bandits.

In Attleboro, by contrast, only complaint on the books was one telephoned by a nervous school-teacher. She had been going to bed, she said, when she had heard a noise at her window and had detected a strange man in the act of peering in at her.

All in all, it seemed that the night of Jan. 20 was an occasion on which the forces of evil were definitely rampant.

Police on Toes

Police were on their toes, ready for action, when Patrolman Joseph Deland, pulling a box in the vicinity of Dean and Main streets, reported a "suspicious character" lurking near the corner of Peck and Main streets.

"Better take a look, Gohin," suggested Police Chief Terrance E. Flanagan, glad of an occasion to have some action in progress, however trivial.

Edward Gohin, 35 years old and a veteran of 24 years service on the Attleboro force, was assigned to the duty of driving the police patrol wagon.

At this moment, however, he was on his rest period and was not even in uniform.

He didn't bother with the big police van, but took his own sedan, which was parked in front of the station house.

With him, more for company than anything else, he took Reserve Officer Laurence A. Johnson, who had been lounging at headquarters, also in civilian clothes.

Attleboro's Main street, at its busiest, would never be confused with New York's Broadway. On this particular winter evening, it was even more than ordinarily quiet, with a big moon shining tranquilly down and lights blazing in front of the Bates Theater, where almost everybody who wasn't at home was sitting watching a feature movie.

Officer Gohin, at the wheel of his car, with Officer Johnson beside him, jogged up the little hill by the theater, swung around the traffic dummy, then proceeded along Main street to Peck street and Dean street.

Bare enough, just as Patrolman Deland had reported, there was a stocky young man lounging at the Peck street corner with that peculiar, purposeless hang-dog air which a cop's eye always spots instinctively.

Gohin pulled up at the curb.

He and Officer Johnson left their machine, accented the suspect.

"Waiting for somebody, buddy?"

"No, just taking a walk."

"Why don't you keep walking, then?"

"Er—well—I was just standing here."

"Not an Attleboro man, are you?"

"Well—er—not exactly."

"Know where Dean street is, do you?"

"Never heard of it."

"Never pointed in any women's windows over there, of course?"

"I tell you, I never heard of Dean street."

"You're going to, buddy. Just you come along with us, and tell your story to Police Chief Flanagan."

As the two officers hustled their prisoner into Gohin's automobile, Johnson whispered a warning.

"He's a nut, a real nut. He's got a bad eye on him."

Prisoner in Rear

Gohin, the veteran, grinned and spat.

"He'll be all right," he said, slamming the sedan door shut, after thrusting the suspect into the back seat.

Officer Johnson, trying to get in the rear door, to sit beside the prisoner, could not turn the door handle.

"It sticks," Gohin told him. "Don't fuss with it. Climb in front with me. That guy'll make no trouble. Let him sit by himself."

Shortest way to the police sta-

tion would have been to retrace the Main street route which the officers had taken in coming to the scene of the arrest.

It is probable, however, that Gohin intended to make a swing and return by a detour.

In any event, he started down Peck street, away from Main street. He didn't get far!

For things started happening! From the back seat, in a queer tremulous voice, came the words, "Well, here goes!"

And before Officer Johnson could turn to see what the prisoner was talking about, there was the crash of a pistol shot and a bullet tore through Johnson's shoulder.

The force of the explosion and the impact of the lead almost felled the wounded officer from his seat. As he clutched at the door, beside him, it swung open. He half rolled, half tumbled first to the running board, then to the street.

Stunned and bleeding, he lay for a moment on the frozen pavement. Then, as he struggled to a sitting position, he heard three more shots.

He saw Gohin's car come to a halt, half a block away. He saw the door beside the driver's seat open, saw Gohin's limp body pitch out, head first.

Before Johnson could even get to his feet, the sedan, presumably with the erstwhile prisoner at the wheel, roared away at full speed.

Managing to reach the postoffice Gohin's side, Johnson saw that his brother officer was unconscious, perhaps dead. He tried to carry him, but was too weak. Blood was pouring from his own wounded

shoulder.

Fighting off the faintness which threatened to overtake him, Johnson staggered, somehow, to the side of Dr. John A. Reese, a neighborhood physician.

There he told his story.

Dr. Reese telephoned the alarm to police headquarters, requesting the ambulance.

When Johnson and Gohin had been taken to the Sturdy Memorial hospital, Gohin was writhing in pain. He died without speaking or regaining consciousness. He had been about three times, from behind, two bullets had penetrated his upper chest, one had ripped his way through his throat.

Gasps Story

Before being wheeled to the operating room, Johnson was to get a description of the killer.

"He was a stocky fellow of medium height," Johnson said. "He was wearing a cap and a gray topcoat. He was smooth shaven, about 35 years old."

"When Gohin asked him who he was and where he lived, he gave some name—I didn't catch it—and he said that, just now, he lived on Noyes street in the Charley section of Norton."

Then they gave Johnson the anesthetic.

The Noyes street, Norton, address, and the sketchy description of the gunman were all police had to go on, and that wasn't much, perhaps dead. He tried to carry him, but was too weak. Blood was pouring from his own wounded

street, near the Masonic home.

As quickly as Chief Flanagan could organize it, an intensive man-hunt got under way all along the Massachusetts-Rhode Island border.

State police of both Massachusetts and Rhode Island took an active hand, as did every available officer of a dozen towns and cities, including Attleboro, North Attleboro, Pawtucket, Central Falls, Providence, Middleboro, Cumberland and Fall River.

From Fall River, to assume charge of the investigation, came District Attorney William C. Crossley.

Called into consultation, at once, was Police Chief Benjamin E. Scanlon of Norton.

"I only know of one young fellow on Noyes street who answers at all to your description," Scanlon said. "He's no gunman, though. He's just a grocer's clerk, out of a job, living with his parents. Wouldn't hurt a fly, in my opinion. His name is Bouquet."

As a matter of routine, Special Officer James Watson of Norton was sent to Bouquet's Noyes street address.

Young Bouquet wasn't home, his parents said. He was out riding in his own auto.

Since the Attleboro killer had apparently been traveling on foot, the Bouquet youth and his car seemed eliminated from the case.

Nevertheless, a guard was placed inside the Bouquet home. Meanwhile, every road within miles of Attleboro, on both sides of the state boundary, was vigilantly patrolled and was blocked, at strategic intervals, by police squads.

which halted all passersby for identification and questioning.

Through the police lines, however, came at least one machine without apparent difficulty.

It pulled up in the yard of the Bouquet home.

From behind the wheel stepped a bare-headed youth. He was of medium height and stocky build. He wore a blue gray top coat.

State Trooper Edward DePelleau turned a flashlight on his face.

Forehead Marked

Across the forehead was a bleeding scratch.

Having been hustled to Attleboro police headquarters, the suspect said he was Roland G. Bouquet, 28 years old, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elphège Bouquet of Noyes street, Norton.

He didn't protest his innocence of the Gohin-Johnson shooting—because nobody questioned him!

He was told to sit down in the guardroom and wait.

So he sat.

After a little while, Mr. and Mrs. Bouquet, the suspect's parents, were brought into the station. Young Bouquet saw them, but was not permitted to speak to them.

For two hours, the elder Bouquets were questioned, courteously but persistently.

They told, in elaborate detail, all that they knew of their son, Roland, past from babyhood to the

present moment.

They said he'd been a good boy, well-behaved but not a worrier for brightness.

He had worked industriously when there had been work available. He had held for many months a job as grocer's clerk, had saved his money, had been able to take a trip to Florida when the grocery job petered out.

Returning to Norton, he had sought employment, had failed to find it. He had lived quietly at home. He was not a drinker, nor did he "run around with girls." As a matter of fact, the Bouquets were planning to marry. Announcement of the engagement only awaited improvement in Roland's financial prospects.

Thus went the questioning—and the answers—and the station house clock ticked away the minutes and the hours.

In his corner of the guardroom, young Bouquet became increasingly fidgety.

He finally sent word to Chief Flanagan that he wanted to talk.

Chief Flanagan sent back a laconic reply.

"We're not ready for him yet." They were ready, eventually, more than three hours after young Bouquet's arrest.

The suspect was taken into Chief Flanagan's office. There he found himself confronted by a formidable array of interrogators, including District Attorney Crossley and Detective Frank Clemy.

There was no need, however, for any third degree methods. That three-hour wait in the

guardroom had been all the third degree that was required to break the nerve of Roland Bouquet.

Almost before a question could be asked him, he began blubbering forth a full confession.

When it was done, he was in tears.

He sobbed, in his cell, all the next forenoon.

Eventually, he sobbed his way almost to the electric chair. He was still sobbing when Governor Ely, holding him to be of childish mentality, commuted his sentence to life imprisonment.

As a gunman and killer, Roland Bouquet was a first class cry baby.

With a pistol in his pocket, he had enjoyed the thrill of considering himself a "hard guy." He had remained in his dream world long enough to murder Officer Gohin and to send Officer Johnson to the morgue.

But he had come back to earth with a sickening mental thud.

The story of another thrilling New England murder mystery will appear in tomorrow's Boston Evening American.

Cafe Man Stabbed

Arthur W. Chase, 52, of West Railroad square, South End, is confined to bed today with a severe stab wound received when he tried to quell a disturbance in a Tremont street, Roxbury, restaurant, where he is manager.



Ceylon is famous for Spices
Brazil is famous for Coffee.

...but Turkey is famous for Tobacco
...the aromatic Turkish tobacco that adds wither fragrance and flavor to Chesterfield Cigarettes.



GET RID OF ROACHES

Peterman's Roach Food has roaches from being places—they all come out and die, leaving NO ODOR. Food control back kills going and eggs too. Edible and non-toxic. Guaranteed. Get a can now, and get rid of roaches 25c. Use and see at your druggist's.

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WEDNESDAY, 9 P. M. (E. D. T.)
LILY PONS
with Kestelmont Concert Orchestra and Chorus

FRIDAY, 10 P. M. (E. D. T.)
KOSTELANETZ 45 PITCH DANCE ORCHESTRA
with Kay Thompson and Ray Buchanan
and the Rhythm Singers
COLUMBIA NETWORK

THIS IS LIFE

By Robert E. Rogers

I suspect that there is going to be considerable comment pro and con about the election of Professor Ham of Yale University to succeed President Woolley at Mount Holyoke. Particularly the protest of Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, who was considered perhaps the most eligible candidate for the post will tend to marshal the avowed feminist against the idea of a man president.

No one, I really suppose, expected that Miss Perkins would accept the appointment, if it were offered. She has one of the most important jobs held by any woman in the United States, and the chances are that her backing is such that she can retain it for another four years. We are told that she was Mrs. Roosevelt's candidate, and the First Lady's backing is not to be underestimated.

Man President

And Women's College

The controversy will be waged, of course, not as all on the question of the advisability of Professor Ham, as Professor Ham, for president. He is a distinguished scholar, a man of considerable active and practical experience, and a fine amateur actor, the latter of which talents ought to endear him particularly to an undergraduate body of girls.

The discussion will turn on whether a women's college should have a man president. There was no question raised when President Lefevre of Simmons was succeeded by another man. No particular fuss at Smith when Seley was succeeded by Burton and Burton in turn by Nelson.

Curiously enough, although there is a brief article on Mount Holyoke in the latest of the Britannica there is no information about its presidents. But the foundress of the female seminary of that name was Mary Lyon, and Miss Woolley has been president of the college for the past thirty-six years. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the intervening heads were also women. Certainly, except for the founder of Wellesley, a man named Durant, all its presidents have been women, including the present president.

Largely Matter

Of Tradition, History

It would seem that it is largely a matter of tradition and history as to whether a president should be man or woman. Somehow, the atmosphere of the female seminary has always seemed to cling about Mount Holyoke and the idea of a woman president seems distinctly a matter of course, as it does at Wellesley. The same is true of Bryn Mawr. In these matters tradition is of the very greatest importance, and I am somewhat inclined to agree with Miss Perkins that a woman should have been chosen to succeed Miss Woolley.

It is, however, all to the good that our women's colleges in America have always had men in considerable proportions on their faculties. The atmosphere of the English women's college, which seems so curiously derived from Tennison's "The Princess," strikes us Americans as a bit too thick. A recent very entertaining mystery novel called "Gaudy Night" describes the feminine personnel and government of an Oxford women's college as being altogether too oppressive.

Calls It Nicely

Balanced Tradition

And there is no doubt that Radcliffe, with a staff drawn exclusively from the Harvard faculty but with women deans, and more recently, a woman president, has always been a very successful institution. Generally speaking, I am inclined to think that a man president and women deans are a nicely balanced arrangement in government for a women's college, unless there is an overwhelming tradition to the contrary.

In the long run I doubt if Mount Holyoke chose its president on either a feminist or an anti-feminist basis. Probably the board of trustees chose an individual, and the president-elect must stand or fall on his success or failure as an individual. Business ability will have to be one of the matters chiefly considered. Mount Holyoke is no longer a female seminary with a strong religious and missionary bias. It is a strong modern institution with numerous personnel. After all, the character and energy of its organized alumni will play a very considerable part in its future course.

Sports

BOSTON AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

11

MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1936

17,900 'HIGH' CADETS' PARADE

Who Wouldn't Smile!



(Picture from International News Photo Service)
There's a mighty good reason for the beaming smile in the countenance of this pretty Chestnut Hill, Brookline, girl. She was graduated with honors today from Lasell Junior College in West Newton. She is Miss Elizabeth Kenney, daughter of Jack Kenney, circulation manager of the Boston Evening American and Sunday Advertiser.

LASELL GRADUATION

85 Students Receive Diplomas

Eighty-five young women were graduated today from the Lasell Junior College in Auburndale. In the picturesque setting of rolling green lawns and flowered embankments, the members of the senior class, garbed in their caps and gowns, marched from the campus to the colonial wooden structure of the Auburndale Congregational Church, where the commencement exercises were held. The day marked the first annual commencement of the junior college.

The commencement address was given by Charles Neal Barney, A. M., LL. B., of Scarsdale, N. Y., Dr. Guy M. Winthrop, president of the college, presented the diplomas to the seniors. Prayer and benediction was read by Rev. Harold W. Rupp, A. M., S. T. B., of Woburn.

Officers of the graduating class were: President, Dorothy E. of Newtonville; vice-president, Doris Forbes, of Manchester, N. H.;

Back Bay Military Scene

CROWDS LINE SIDEWALKS

Fine weather drew out the largest crowd in years today to witness the annual parade of high and intermediate school cadets.

With a holiday declared for all high school pupils, thousands of girl students lined the sidewalks to watch the 17,900 marchers, including 1400 in the drum and pipe corps.

Boys from 13 high schools and 12 intermediate schools, forming a total of 27 regiments, competed for prizes to be awarded by a group of regular army officers on the basis of appearance, marching form and discipline.

For the first time, prizes were being competed for this year by the musical units as well as the regiments as a whole.

The boys of the intermediate school musical units, clad all in white, made a big hit with the watching throng.

Seven mounted policemen, commanded by Capt. Edward Kane led the parade, with Col. Theodore J. Lyons of Hyde Park high school marching directly behind the police unit, at double file.

In Command

In command of the first brigade was Colonel John R. Fisher of Boston Latin school, second brigade, Colonel Talbot Smith, Jamaica Plain high school; third brigade, Colonel Edward A. Hazlett, East Boston high school; fourth brigade, Colonel John J. Moran, Brighton high school; fifth brigade, Colonel Charles F. Mahoney, English high school.

The members formed near English high school on Warren avenue and route took their march through Cleveland street, Stuart street, Columbus avenue, Park square, Boston street, Tremont street, Park street, Beacon street, Arlington street, Marlboro street, Dartmouth street and Copple square.

Mayor Mansfield and members of the city council viewed the parade from a stand on the Common opposite the West state. Governor Curley reviewed it from the steps of the State House, and Superintendent Patrick T. Campbell and school commissioners from a stand on Beacon street, between Chace and Brimmer streets.

On the steps of the public library in Copple square, Colonel George S. Penney, chief drill in-

Detective's Son Weds



Clarence Ferraro, son of the state detective, Lieutenant Joseph Ferraro, and pretty bride, the former Miss Ellen Marie Fogarty, are shown after colorful wedding ceremony today in St. Bidgets Church, Framingham Center. She is a graduate of Teacher's College.

FERRARI'S SON TAKES BRIDE

The army judges were scattered at various points along the route. They were Maj. E. Dwyer, Maj. G. W. Lester, Maj. W. B. Van Allen, Capt. J. P. Davidson, Capt. Robert W. Morris, and Capt. C. V. Palmer, all in the army line.

Passing the State House, the band of Boston Third Guard formed a 22 band approach from the crowd there.

English High School had five regiments and as many musical units in the line of march. Latin School three of each, Deduxter, two, Chace of an Junior high school, Brighton, East Boston, South Boston and Hyde Park of one each were three, Hyde Park, Shaw, Alta, two, and Roxbury Memorial.

The regiments marched in that order, followed by the bands of the Third Intermediate, was a Regimental band of units from the schools, Roxbury, Lowell, Shaw and Mary E. Chase schools.

Next came the second intermediate regiments, representing the Wilson, Cleveland, Fenway, Parkway, Hall, Washington and Washington Irving schools and finally the first intermediate regiments, with bands from the Low's Lincoln, Tremont, Roxbury Holmes, McKay, Rogers and Lincoln schools.

GIRL ABOUT TOWN

By Ann Marsters

Hollywood, Calif., June 8.—Picture an evening in Hollywood—an evening when the stars come out to play.

At the Club Trocadero, I see a whole galaxy of famous faces. And it is no small adventure to watch and talk with the stars when they are out for an evening's fun.

Jean Riedel and Dick Powell are at a couple of tables away. It's romance, you know, but even if it weren't, the people couldn't possibly go dancing together in Hollywood without romance-mummers beginning.

Barbara Stanwyck is here, wearing a grey ANN MARSTERS tailored suit with a dubonnet blouse. And the next minute we see Merle Oberon in an ultra formal chiffon evening gown.

Slacks and Sables

Hob-Nob Together

It is quite true that you may wear anything you like in Hollywood, and no one will be surprised. As some one cleverly remarked: "You'll see people in slacks and ashles—both at once!"

Joan Bennett was there with her husband, Gene Markey. (She looks at you through a lorgnette because she is near-sighted.)

And Ginger Rogers danced and danced—and she had on an amazing, tilted hat with old-fashioned flowers all over the crown.

Margaret Sullivan, looking quite regal, arrived with ex-husband Henry Fonda in attendance.

Incidentally, I would like you to know that there is nothing in that report that movie actresses are much less attractive close up than they are on the screen. As a matter of fact, most of them are much lovelier.

The Trocadero itself is much like any other night club. Nothing terribly unusual about it. It is the people that make it so gay and interesting.

But No One Dances

On Top of Tables

But no one (and I hope this doesn't disillusion you) is dancing on top of tables or becoming pugacious or drinking champagne out of slippers. They talk and laugh and eat and dance—even as you and I.

At the stroke of twelve, or maybe a bit before, many of them begin to leave. Why so early? In explanation, Barbara Stanwyck passes by on her way out and says "I have to be at work early in the morning. I should have been home long ago."

Such is Hollywood at play.

The girls at Hollywood High school are pretty fickle. Once a year they have a voting session in which they elect the ruler of their hearts.

Robert Taylor Leads

As Ruler of Hearts

Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and Bing Crosby were the "Raves" of 1933, '34 and '35. Now, in what was practically a landslide, Robert Taylor has supplanted them all. It looks well for Taylor's future.

Lynn Police Dog Exiled by Judge

Despite a strenuous plea of defense, a police dog named Mike, a Leon I. Fox, owned by Mrs. John Fox, 1000 New Hampshire street, was exiled by Judge John J. Murphy today.

Mike, a police dog, was charged with biting a woman named Mrs. Fox, who was the wife of the dog's owner. The judge found the dog guilty and ordered it to be exiled.

"Mike doesn't bark so much," remarked the court. "Anyways, he is in our collar most of the time. Please let him stay."

"You have ten days of grace to be rid of Mike," the judge retorted. "I don't want you to kill him. But he must depart. You have until Saturday."

And in a beautiful Spanish home sprawling high in the Hollywood Hills above Laurel Canyon, lives Fred McIsaac, once drama and motion picture editor of the Boston American and now one of the higher paid scenario writers.

17,900 High School Cadets In Annual Parade



Marching by in an impressive exhibition, this Dorchester High School company is one unit of 17,900 students of Boston high and intermediate schools. The boys tramped around the Common and Public Garden. Thousands of spectators, including proud mothers and admiring high school girls, viewed the parade.

PHONE YOUR NEWS TIPS TO THE BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN AND SHARE IN \$50 CASH AWARDS THAT ARE OFFERED EACH WEEK

Do you want to make some money for being alert? Advertiser are presenting the opportunity. Every week phoned in to the News Tip Editor at Liberty 4000. There tip received, \$10 for the next best, \$5 for the next best and \$1 prizes for each of the 10 next most valuable tips.

If so, the Boston Evening American and the Sunday will be given \$25 weekly for the best first exclusive news

clear up. He is resting comfortably." **May 25 - June 13**

FLOYD GIBBONS' PAGE OF THRILLS AND MYSTERY

Headed for Grave

Manchester, N. H., Lad's Story Of Most Horrible End Man Can Meet

By FLOYD GIBBONS

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Did you ever think of being buried alive? You know, I'm not of a morbid disposition by any means, but every once in a while I hear of, or read of, some old tale that sort of makes me stop and think a while.

You know there is such a thing as catalepsy—a state that so nearly resembles death that nowadays doctors make three or four tests before they will pronounce a man dead. Before medical men knew about catalepsy and kindred ailments—well—then people WERE buried alive. I've heard some pretty horrible stories about it.

It has made me stop and wonder, once in a while, what I'd feel like if that happened to me—what my sensations would be, lying stiff and motionless—listening to my own funeral do to me? I'd probably shake so hard I'd be mistaken for an earthquake.

I've been reported dead twice. In both cases those reports were circulated without consulting me, and I'm happy to say, they weren't true. But I'll never forget the uncomfortable feeling I had when I read my own obituary in my own paper. If just a phony obituary wouldn't make me shiver the way I did—well what wouldn't a living burial do to me? I'd probably shake so hard I'd be mistaken for an earthquake.

And now comes this story from STANLEY CZECH of 360 Beech street, Manchester, N. H., to remind me of all those old time stories I've read—and also to remind me that no adventure is so old that it can't happen again today. Stanley KNOWS what I've had to imagine. Non WENT THROUGH the terrible experience that I've often—well—just shuddered about.

It happened on July 9th, 1932. Stan, his cousin, and his friend Dan, were taking a walk. They hiked out a country road in the direction of Crystal Lake, till they came to a field owned by a friend of Stan's.

They had just reached that field when a sudden thunder shower came up, and the three lads ran for the shelter of an old wagon that stood in the middle of the lot.

They sat under that until the storm was over—or at least, until they thought the storm was over. Then they started to crawl out from under the old cart.

They had just come out from under it, when the storm gave one last, terrible kick. There was a sudden flash. To Stan it seemed as if the universe were bursting open in a burst of flame. All three of them were knocked flat. A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HAD STRUCK RIGHT IN THEIR MIDST.

Stan says he can remember the flash, but he doesn't remember hearing any thunder. He lay still on the ground while the other two lads moved and rose groggily to their feet.

Stan tried to get up too—but he couldn't. Try as he would he was unable to move so much as a finger. While he was still trying, he heard his cousin scream to Dan: "LOOK! MY GOD! HE'S KILLED!"

Then the other two were gone—running toward the city to get help—leaving Stan lying stiff and motionless on the ground. Says Stan: "I heard every word they said, but as far as moving was concerned, that was impossible. I couldn't even open my eyes."

"I had often heard stories of people being buried alive, and now, to my horror, I realized that it might happen to me. I was scared. I was terrified. I didn't know what to do. My mind began running through all the incidents of my life—so many that I can't remember them all now."

"I do remember thinking of the time I almost drowned when I slipped into a hole in a pond where I was bathing. I was scared then, until somebody gave me a push toward shore. But that seemed nothing compared to the horrible thing I was facing now."

Stan lay on the ground, rigid and motionless, until he heard voices and footsteps coming his way. Now was the time. His heart sank as he recognized one of the voices as that of the cousin. The cousin thought Stan was dead. There could be no doubt about that. Stan tried to speak. It seemed that a scream was right at the front of his throat—but it just wouldn't come out. Once the cousin had decided he was dead, nothing in the world would prevent him from a living burial. STAN HAD TO DO SOMETHING. HE JUST HAD TO!

Hands were taking hold of him now. They were lifting him from the ground.

Stan's whole body was shivering a silent plea, but his voice wouldn't come out.

He struggled in vain to move, to make a hand—a finger. He tried to open his eyes. The lids remained shut. Then by a supernatural effort, he managed to move one eyelid. At least he thought he had.

WOULD THERE NOTICE BE? Stan prayed that they would. They did. Suddenly a voice cried: "He isn't dead. He's alive!"

It was the cousin's voice, and it spoke in an astonished gasp. And then they took Stan down to a doctor.

Well, all doctors make pretty tough tests before they bury anybody these days, and Stan need not have worried about being buried alive. But he spent a few days in the hospital, thinking about it and a dozen painful few weeks before he got out of bed again. For the lightning had taken the nerve right off his spine and drove the pain into the bottom of his feet.

It was a long time before Stan could walk again with any comfort, but he didn't worry about that. He was too dazed glad he didn't have to worry any more about being that side in the undertaker's glass paneled wagon.

Now when am I going to leave from you, Johnny? I WANT THE STORY OF THAT ADVENTURE OF YOURS!

THE STORY OF THAT ADVENTURE OF YOURS!

THE STORY OF THAT ADVENTURE OF YOURS!

THE STORY OF THAT ADVENTURE OF YOURS!

THE STORY OF THAT ADVENTURE OF YOURS!

Floyd Gibbons will pay good money for good TRUE adventure stories. Hundreds of people in Boston and nearby towns have received ten-dollar and hundred-dollar bills for their yarns, and there's no reason why you can't do the same, for, as Floyd says, everybody has had at least one adventure. Thomas H. Campbell of 114 West Adams street, West Somerville, won a hundred and ten dollars for the story of his life's biggest moment, and you can do the same. For further details, see the box at the right side of this page.

HOW TO WIN
\$100.00
And Membership in The Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

It's the easiest money you ever earned. Here's the only rule: YOUR STORY MUST BE TRUE. Everyone is eligible and you don't have to be a writer to compete, because Floyd will collaborate with you and iron out any rough spots. Just write down the TRUE story of your biggest thrill and mail it to Floyd, care of the Boston Evening American, 5 Winthrop square, Boston. Write your name and address plainly and keep a copy of your letter, as NO STORY CAN BE RETURNED. Do not send valuable pictures or souvenirs. Just send the FACTS!

SECRET AGENT X-9

WE HAVE OVER 6,000,000 FINGER-PRINT RECORDS ON FILE—THE LARGEST COLLECTION IN THE WORLD—ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND INQUIRIES COME INTO THE DEPARTMENT EVERY DAY.

WHAT SORT OF INQUIRIES?

AS AN EXAMPLE, HERE'S A REQUEST FROM A SHERIFF ASKING US TO CHECK ON THE FINGER-PRINTS OF A MAN BY THE NAME OF WALSH, WHO CLAIMS HE'S NEVER BEEN IN TROUBLE BEFORE!

145 FINGER-PRINT CLASSIFICATION 16, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

WE'LL NOW LOOK INTO THAT FILE AND WE'VE HERE... WALSH'S REAL NAME IS BLAKE AND AS YOU SEE BY HIS CARD, HE WAS ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY IN 1925 AND FOR BANK ROBBERY IN 1932.

INSTEAD OF THE JUDGE LETTING HIM OFF WITH A LIGHT SENTENCE AS A FIRST OFFENDER, WE'LL GET A LONG TERM AS A CHRONIC CRIMINAL—ABOUT 500 WANTED MEN ARE FOUND IN THIS WAY EVERY MONTH—YOU SEE, JACK, A FINGER-PRINT IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN A SIGNATURE WHICH CANNOT BE FORGED.

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

BACK AT IVORY PATROL HEAD-QUARTERS IN AMBES VILLAGE, TIM "ROUGH RIGGS" HIS HORSE, GINGER, FOR ELISE ENTERTAINMENT!

WHOOPEE!

AND THIS IS MY PET PANTHER, "FANG". DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM, ELSE—HE'S GENTLE—MOST OF THE TIME! SPUD AND I HAVE TRAINED HIM—

THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE TRICKS WE'VE TAUGHT THEM! GINGER AND "FANG" ARE GREAT FRIENDS

MY DAUGHTER ELSE AND I WILL MISS YOU ALL WHEN WE LEAVE FOR THE STATES, TOMORROW, CAPT. CLARK—

PUPPY LOVE
YOUR DEPARTURE IS GOING TO HIT SOME PEOPLE PRETTY HARD, TREBOR!

RED BARRY

RED'S SLIP!! NEVER DREAMING THAT THE MONK MIGHT SUDDENLY CALL ON HIS CABINET MEMBERS TO SHOW THE LEFT HAND, MINDS THE LITTLE FINGER, AND OF SCOTT'S PICKED MEN ARE NOW FACING CERTAIN DEATH AS A RESULT!!

THE GAS IS ODORLESS AND SLOW IN TAKING EFFECT, BUT ALREADY THEY ARE BEGINNING TO DROP LIKE FLIES!! WATCH!! SING WAR!!

GENE, ALTHOUGH YOU ARE BEING ROBBED OF YOUR STRENGTH, YOU STILL HAVE YOUR SENSES!! YOU WILL DIE KNOWING THAT YOU WERE DOOMED BY YOUR OWN CHIEF!! LOOK AT HIM!! HA-HA-HA!!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL!! I HOPE THE BOYS CAN STAY IN THERE A LITTLE LONGER!!

WAIT—I'VE GOT AN IDEA—WE'LL REVIVE THE CHECKER IN THE CAR!!

MEANWHILE, RED AND SCOTTY, WORKING AGAINST TIME, ARE MAKING AHEAD PROGRESS IN LOCATING THE MONK'S HIDEOUTH!

MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN

AS SAKI TRIES TO KIDNAP JANE, MANDRAKE'S FIGURE-IMAGE APPEARS, FRAGMENTING SAKI AWAY.

HEAVENS, WHEN MANDRAKE APPEARED LIKE THAT, I THOUGHT I'D PAINT. THANK GOD, SAKI'S GONE!

HERE COMES A MOTORCYCLE! I CAN STILL CATCH HER.

YOU HAILED ME, STRANGER. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR MOTORCYCLE!

IT'S ONLY A MYTH, DIANA!

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

GOOD DAY, MISS ANNIE—THANK YOU, I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU AGAIN TOMORROW

COME ON, ZERO—WE'LL SNEAK OUT THE BACK WAY—I WANNA SEE HOW THE NEW SUBDIVISION MR. BULLION IS GIVING AWAY IS COMING ALONG

WHEN I GO ANY PLACE IN THAT GRAND CAR WITH THE TWO CHAUFFEURS—EVERYONE LOOKS AT ME LIKE I WAS A CIRCUS—IT MEANS ME FEEL KINDA FUNNY

LOOK, ANNIE, I'M 'TIL THE HOUSES ARE GONNA HAVE BATH TUBS AND I'M GONNA RUN HOME AND TELL MY MOTHER—WE'RE RICH

THE LITTLE WOMAN

COUGH—WHAT IF THAT OL MAGNATE SHOULD CHANGE HIS MIND WHILE WE'RE HUNTING CON? THIS IS AN AWFUL MESS!

THE LITTLE WOMAN

AND NOW JIMMY BEATS IT FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE TO REPORT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GEORGE CONN'S WITHOUT WHOSE PERMISSION HE CANNOT SELL THE OL' DETECTOR!

HILO, HARRY—TELL GENE I GOTTA SEE HIM! TELL HIM IT'S A MATTER OF HALF A MILLION DUCKS—I'M IN A BAD FIX!! YOU WANT TO BORROW THAT MUCH?

—AN JUST WHEN I GET AN OFFER OF \$50,000 FOR THE GADGET, THE INVENTOR OF IT DISAPPEARS! WILL YOU HAVE YOUR DETECTIVES TRY TO FIND HIM? IT MEANS \$50,000 TO ME, OL MAN!!

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

GEORGE CONN! HE'S A SKINNY GUY WITH A HOOK NOSE AND A LONG CHIN—LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE—HAS A FUNNY HABIT OF ALWAYS LOOKIN' BEHIND HIM—GOSH, I HOPE YOU CAN FIND HIM—THIS IS A BIG DEAL!

NO TIME TO WASTE
DON'T WORRY—WE'LL LOCATE HIM FOR YOU!

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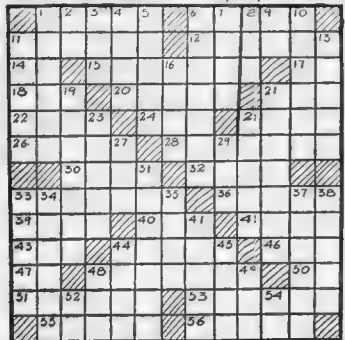
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THIMBLE THEATRE, Starring POPEYE



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE By Eugene Sheffer



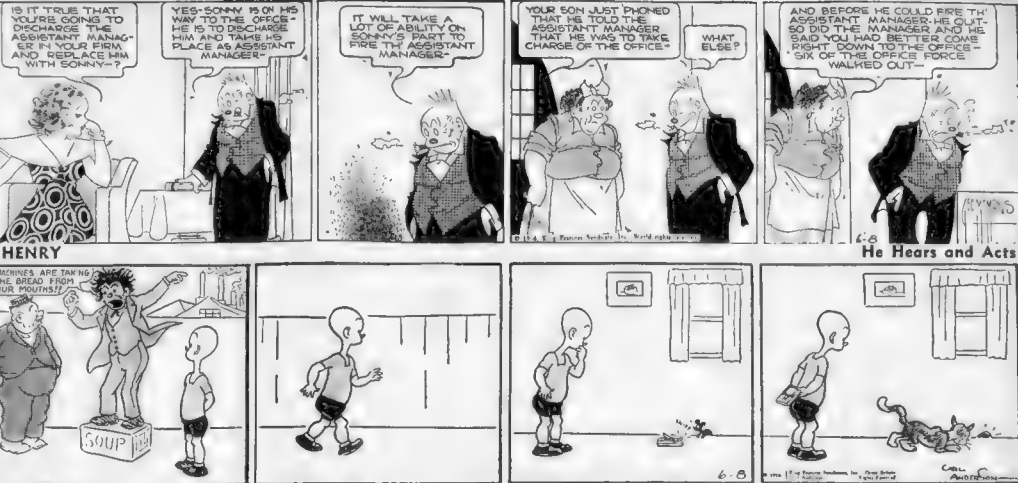
- HORIZONTAL**
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LOOK FOR THE GREEN SPEAR—IT MEANS WRIGLEY'S!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

BRINGING UP FATHER



JUST KIDS



POLLY AND HER PALS



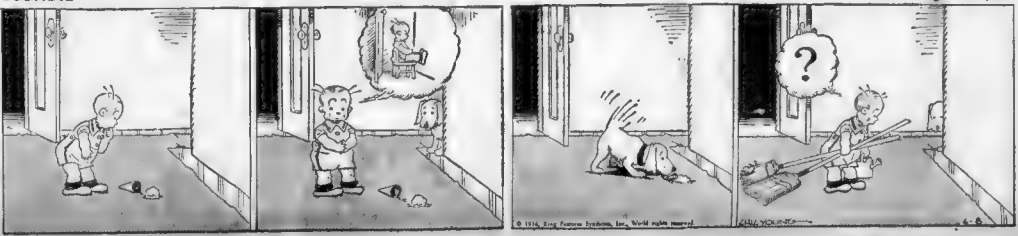
SKIPPY



LITTLE JIMMY



BLONDIE



Unexpected Results



Somebody's Boy



Something in Common



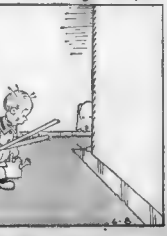
A Winning "Hand"



No!



The Magic Carpet



WOOD FILMS PLAYS MUSIC Boston

Elizabeth Patterson In Beery Film

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor Universal Service

Los Angeles, June 8.—There is no use trying to fill Marie Dressler's place. There just isn't another Dressler, any more than there was ever another Valentino. These are two distinct personalities who cannot be replaced. But MGM can create a new via-via for Wallace Beery in the person of Elizabeth Patterson, who plays opposite him in "Old Hunch."



Miss Patterson, who will play opposite Wallace Beery in "Old Hunch," is shown in a scene from the picture.

Miss Patterson, who will play opposite Wallace Beery in "Old Hunch," is shown in a scene from the picture. She is a new arrival at the studio, and her performance in "Old Hunch" is expected to be a success. She is a new arrival at the studio, and her performance in "Old Hunch" is expected to be a success.

Roxbury Studios Plan Two Revues

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Movie Clock

BOWDOIN—Under Two Flags; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
OLYMPIA—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
PARAMOUNT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
REVERE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
SHUBERT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
WALTHAM—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.

Long Story With Heroes and Everything



Bobby Green and Henry Armetta in a scene from "Long Story With Heroes and Everything."

At Dennis

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Dance Recital

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Week's Playbill

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Essex Floor Shows To Continue

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Guild's Plans

For Next Season

The Theater Guild is going to do four major productions on its next season. The first will be "The Great Ziegfeld," which will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Adds to Screen Laurels



Hinda Wassau, who will play opposite Wallace Beery in "Old Hunch," is shown in a scene from the picture.

Hinda Back At Howard

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Shubert Positively Last Week

With two entirely different suppers, the Roxbury Studios plan to give two revues. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

SEYMOUR SHOZE

By ART MOGER



Seymour Shoze, who will play opposite Wallace Beery in "Old Hunch," is shown in a scene from the picture.

Movie Clock

BOWDOIN—Under Two Flags; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
OLYMPIA—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
PARAMOUNT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
REVERE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
SHUBERT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
WALTHAM—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.

Movie Clock

BOWDOIN—Under Two Flags; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
OLYMPIA—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
PARAMOUNT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
REVERE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
SHUBERT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
WALTHAM—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.

Their Love Historic



Edith Barrett, who will play opposite Wallace Beery in "Old Hunch," is shown in a scene from the picture.

Vacation Clubs

Pass Out \$2,000,000

Checks valued in excess of \$2,000,000 will be sent to the vacation clubs. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11. The first will be given on June 10, and the second on June 11.

Today at Your Neighborhood Theater

ARLINGTON AND WATERTOWN—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
BROOKLINE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
CAMBRIDGE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
CHARLESTOWN—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
DORCHESTER AND SOMERVILLE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.

Today at Your Neighborhood Theater

ALLSTON—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
BOWDOIN—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
OLYMPIA—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
PARAMOUNT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
REVERE—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
SHUBERT—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.
WALTHAM—The Great Ziegfeld; 8, 12, 30, 4, 8, 10, 12.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

[illegible]

wealth of Massachusetts, by
SOUTHERLY by Nigh
fifty-seven and 40-100
ESTERLY by land now or f
Charles Greenwood, ninety-thr
93.12) feet; NORTHERLY a
formerly of Benson, fifty
50.35) feet; EASTERLY by
formerly of Benson, nine
0 (95.58) feet; Containin
est. For my title see fore
om Exchanges Trust Com
Guy, Commissioner of Ban
to be recorded herewith.
will be sold subject to a

any, **TERMS OF SALE:**
Dollars in cash to be paid at time and place of sale to be paid in or within 10 days. Other terms to be announced at sale.—**EXCHANGE MORTGAGE COMPANY**, By Charles A. [illegible] President, Assignee and [illegible] of said mortgage.

STATES OF MASSACHUSETTS, Boston.
Pursuant to the Rules of
Court of the United States
District of Massachusetts, now
given that FRANCIS J. VO
Arlington is said district
for admission as an Attor
r of such District Court.
JAMES R. ALLEN, C
Helen D. Tweedy, Deputy

Deaths

NG.—In Roxbury, June 5, M
of 3 Dennis St., husband of
C. Manning (née Payne),
m. J. J. Good and Son F
36 Dudley St. Funeral J

M.—In Everett, June 5, Ma
127 Waverly St. Bur
er.

Funeral Directors



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 100 Ash St., Boston, Hig. 21
Funeral from \$1
 NON SECTARIAN
 everywhere in New England
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 TEL: 338-1111

Lost and Found

Spitz, Collie, Police, Span.
 Irish terrier and Bull terrier
 a James. L.Berry 4095.

D-English bull terrier fer-
 ry. Charles Sanders, 341 Colum-
 by.

ABE lost, Oak Grove and Se-
 mar car, containing lady's wear-
 ing. 274 Waco St. Mat. 238-
 watch lost, Shue Hill Ave. A.
 old. "D. E. Rev. Har. 9

Personal

GET VIGOR AT ON
NEW Ostrea Tonic Tall
raw oyster invigorators
Invaluable. One dose peeps up
sands. If you delighted, mu-
\$1 paid, by mail 10c as
Hollis Co., 23 Union St., Bos-
ING INVITATIONS \$5.00
Business 1.25 No. Station 2
Cards 2 Causeway
Special Notices
Purity First!
Your health demand
Purity Ice

Cream Cones

PURITY CONE CO.
Melrose St. Charlestown 2880

and dine. New Fellowship 1
 Restaurant, 281 Myrtle A
 and wine at PRICE'S. Newb
 port Turnpike, Ipswich.
 and Coast R

KEY HOUSE—Modern Rooms—

St. Nelson: Clams and Quah
Bl., Nantasket Beach, Hull 6
E. Wright—Trucking, Main
Mass. Tel. 54.
ONE'S Cafe—Italian, Amer
na. liquors. Teles Sq., Somer
SANT Pond Park, Wenham Cen
Boating, Bathing, Dancing.
E' BURNS—Chicken, steak,
Nantasket Beach.

Beauty Aids

Beauty Instruction

